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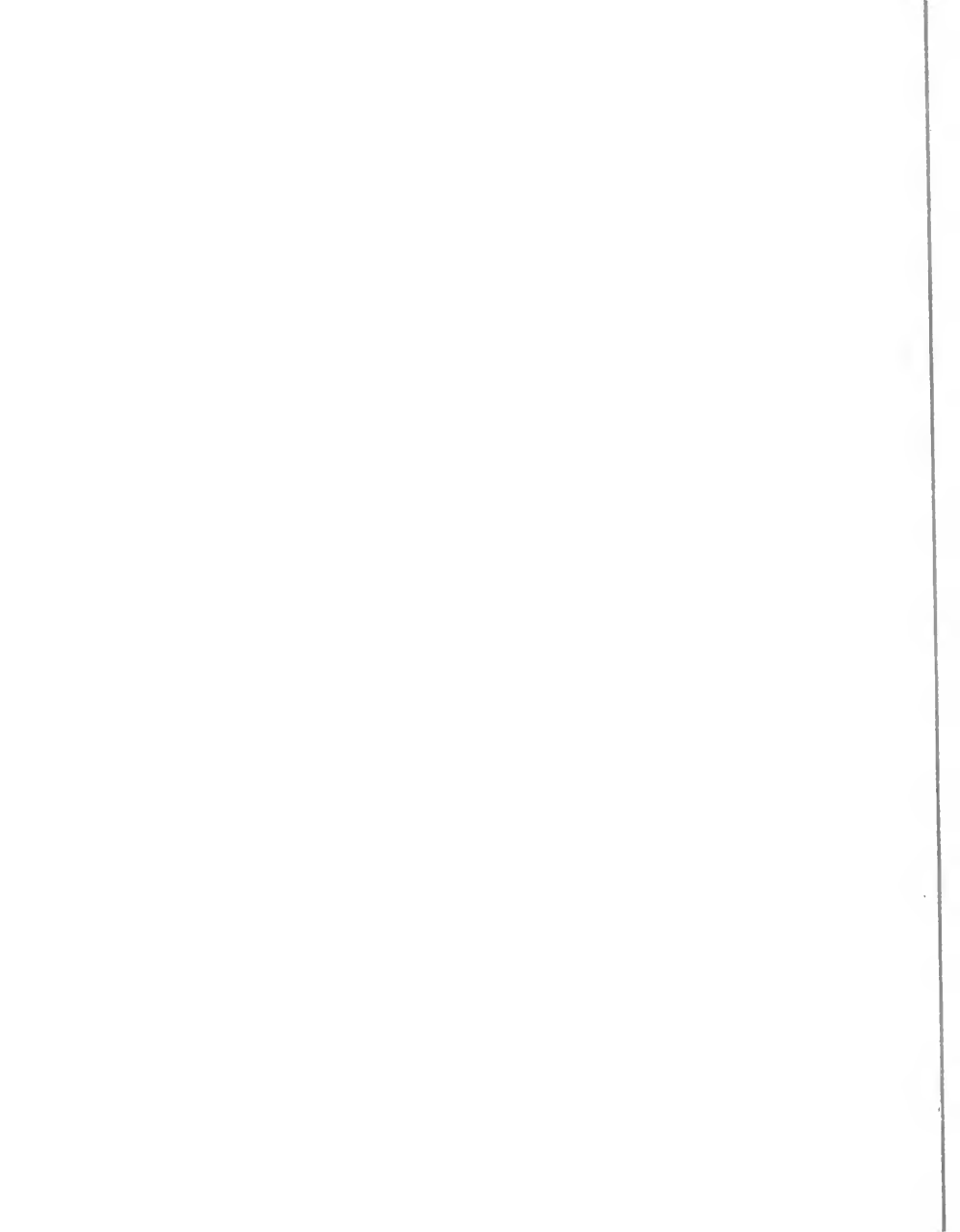
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UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

POEMS FROM PUNCH

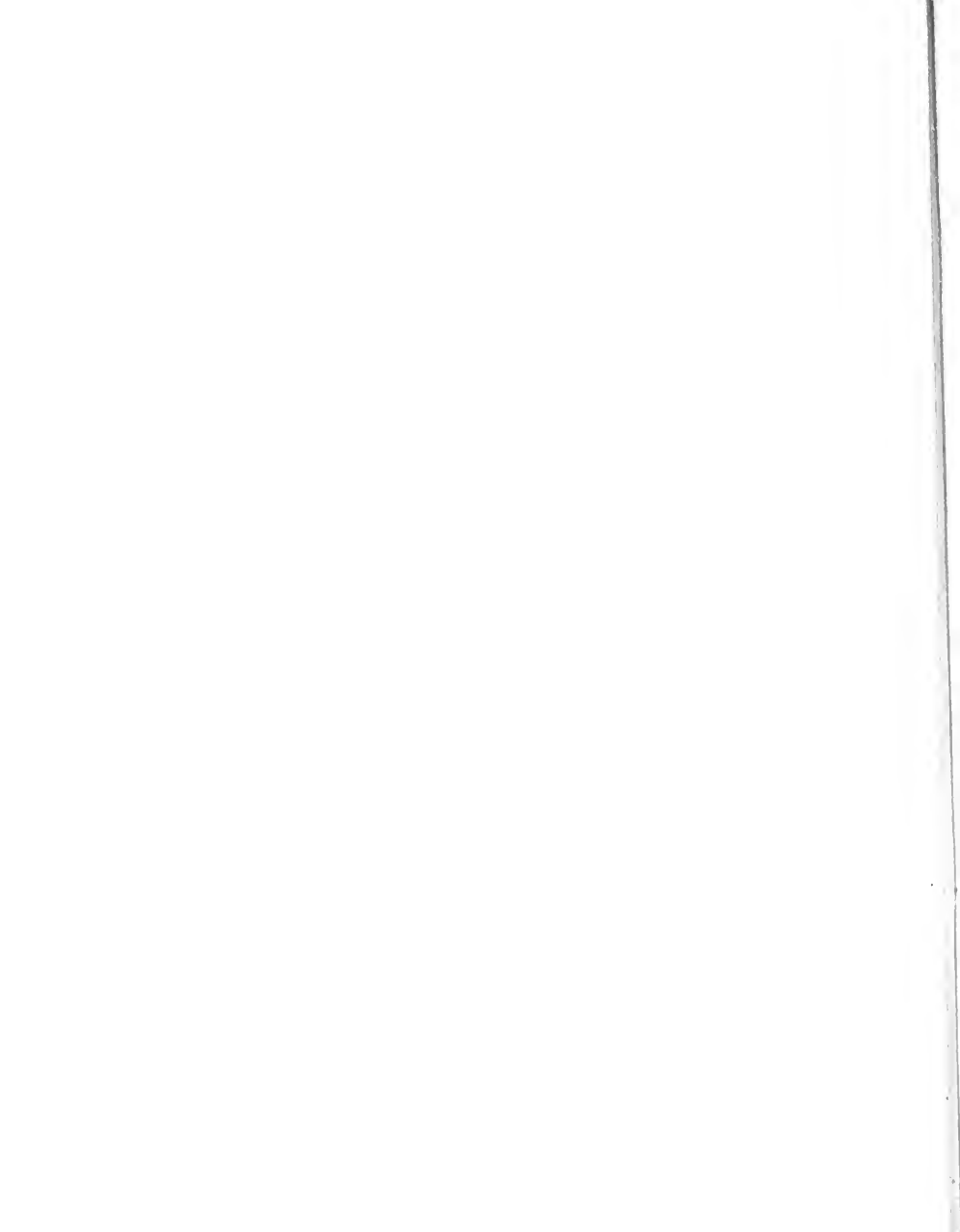
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR FRANCIS C. BURNAND



IT must be reckoned one of the curiosities of literature that a source whence we have Hood's "Song of the Shirt," Tom Taylor's "Abraham Lincoln," and a host of other pieces which have had a large part in giving *Punch* its peculiar hold on popular favour, should have lain so long neglected.

LATER POEMS
FROM PUNCH

1887-1908





Photographie Allen & Co. London/Engl.

PUNCH OFFICE.

LATER POEMS *from* PUNCH



1887-1908

*With Introduction
by
Arthur Waugh*

LONDON: George G. Harrap
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Contents

| | Page |
|---|-------|
| Introduction | xi |
| Note | xxvii |
| The Choir-Boy | i |
| The Plaint of the Grand Piano | 4 |
| Dropping the Pilot | ii |
| John Henry Newman | 14 |
| Charles Haddon Spurgeon | 18 |
| "Crossing the Bar" | 21 |
| The Rhyme of the Kipperling | 31 |
| A False Gallop of Analogies | 38 |
| Rudyard Austin | 41 |
| In Memoriam : John Ruskin | 46 |
| Beatus Ille | 48 |
| "Whisker" : A Warrior | 52 |
| The Queen | 55 |
| The Splendid Bankrupt | 59 |
| Love's Omission | 62 |

| | Page |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| The Tale of a Typewriter | 64 |
| Domestic Drama | 68 |
| To Rufus, a Spaniel | 74 |
| Crumbs of Pity | 80 |
| Pipe | 85 |
| On Saturday Morning Early | 87 |
| The Rag Doll | 92 |
| Fairies on the Lawn | 96 |
| My Neighbour | 101 |
| A Ditty of Champagne | 103 |
| De Gustibus | 106 |
| Sunshine the Temptress | 109 |
| A Sore Point | 112 |
| Hamlet's Soliloquy | 115 |
| A Valiant Valentine | 117 |
| Damon and Pythias | 119 |
| An Unappreciated Genius | 123 |
| The Pursuit of Beauty | 126 |
| To My Airship | 129 |
| Lost Masterpieces | 131 |
| The Finest View | 138 |

| | Page |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Elegy on a Polar Bear | 141 |
| The New Game | 144 |
| Æsthetic Morals | 146 |
| Frames of Mind | 148 |
| A Ballad of Edinboro' Toon | 151 |
| The Force | 154 |
| The March of Progress | 159 |
| The Poets at Bridge | 162 |
| Crumbs of Comfort | 168 |
| The Ballad of Tarro Myake | 170 |
| Our Village Eleven | 175 |
| From High Altitudes | 178 |
| To a Fur-Lined Coat | 181 |
| The Songfish | 186 |
| Adieu to Argyll | 189 |
| A Police Trap | 194 |
| Betsy | 198 |
| To a Flea | 202 |
| To the First Catch | 206 |
| The Narrowing Years | 210 |
| The Printer's Angel | 212 |

| | Page |
|-------------------------------|------|
| What's in a Name? | 215 |
| The Way In | 218 |
| Killed in the Open | 221 |
| The Old Blue-Pye | 224 |
| Innominata | 229 |
| A Wanderer in Wales | 231 |
| Index of Authors | 235 |

Introduction

I

IT is an often-repeated platitude of criticism that humour is almost the only one of the human emotions which changes its fashion with the generations. And like most platitudes it has a certain amount of truth to commend it. Pity, terror, love, and hate retain the same features from age to age: there is nothing old-fashioned about the sorrows of Jacob, or the devotion of David and Jonathan. But humour does unquestionably suffer change, and undergo the vagaries of fashion. There is no reputation so insecure as that of your accepted humorist: his popularity is here to-day and gone to-morrow. A stale jest is the worst affront that can be offered to friendship.

All this is true enough (and trite enough, too, perhaps!), but it does not exhaust the

situation. For there is humour that passes, and humour that endures. And I once heard the position summed up very tersely by a writer who has himself earned no small reputation as a maker of laughter: "There are two kinds of humour," he said, "that in which you laugh *at* a man, and that in which you laugh *with* him: and the second kind is the only kind that lives." This is not, perhaps, absolutely final: and indeed what rule is? The spectacle of a middle-aged gentleman pursuing his hat through a maze of traffic will never cease to make even the judicious laugh: but it is hardly likely that, however sound the philosophy of the pursuer, he will be found to be laughing at his own misadventure. This, however, is a Lucretian exception. (*Suave mari magno*—the quotation is somewhat musty). For the rest, it is no bad working principle for the humorist, that the humour which lasts is that in which we share the laughter with its maker, instead of grinning at his buffoonery. We can all suggest examples. Take, for instance, Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. To the Elizabethans, it is clear, there must have been

a fund of humour in Nym and Pistol, but who can laugh at them now? The weary catch-phrase of Nym, and Pistol's euphuistic bombast, have passed into the lumber-room of outworn fashions: the world has no longer anything to resemble them, and they are mere curiosities of speech. But side by side with them stands Falstaff, perennially full of human nature,—a man whose humour is of the essence of his character, who laughs with you, and makes you laugh with him, at the serious things and the solemn people of this world: a laughing philosopher, whose wit is universal and everlasting. Tricks of phrase vanish; superficial witticisms wither; but the heart of humour is the same, under Edward as under Elizabeth.

II

We present here, then, to lovers of the merry heart, a collection of light verse characteristic of our own generation. And where indeed, if not around the table of Mr Punch, should we find the spirit typical

of his time? Mr Punch has no prejudices: there is nothing snobbish or exclusive about his *entourage*. His is, perhaps, the only company which, in an age of extensive cliqueism, has remained invariably open to the best of its own order. In his society there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit: and, like the true philosopher, he invites you to laugh *with* him at the foibles of our own generation, but insists that the laugh shall be decent and good-natured. Here there shall be nothing spiteful or acrid. If vice is to be rebuked, it shall be done with manly vigour: if folly is to be ridiculed, it shall be with magnanimity. And everywhere, it is hoped, there shall be an avoidance of that purely ephemeral form of wit which depends for its laugh upon torturing of phrase, or reiteration of a catch-word. We will so laugh to-day that others shall be able to laugh with us to-morrow.

III

Of course, every man who truly lives in the current of his own generation believes

it to be the best of all good times. When we begin to look back and praise the past, we are already in danger of falling out of the running. The reader will, therefore, it is hoped, make due allowances for a writer who, having been invited to reintroduce these verses of his own generation to the reading public, confesses to finding them, in all essential respects, a great deal more entertaining than most of the humorous verse of the day before yesterday. Upon that point it is possible that judgments may differ, but upon another it is impossible that they should not agree. Everyone, who knows good verse-making when he sees it, will recognise the enormous advance in technique which humorous poetry has allowed itself in the course of the last twenty years. To be sure, there were always the masters. Praed and Calverley, in their different moods, are never likely to be beaten: but it must be remembered that Praed and Calverley wrote for a little class—the public school, university, society class—to whom, for the most part, their public is still confined. But Mr Punch writes for the world, and,

in so far as he accustoms his public to expect polished methods, he is, without the slightest assumption of the airs of the pedagogue, educating the whole nation in the ways of taste. To estimate his influence in this respect you must compare his weekly poems, not with the finished essays of "The Etonian" and "The Light Green," but with the twisted, tortuous, pun-besprinkled pages of H. J. Byron's burlesques—the form of versification of all others which the public of fifty years ago admired. It is not too much to say that there exists no sort of public to-day for "humour" of this highly artificialised, rococo decoration.

IV

The change came, it may be said, with the first appearance of the Savoy Operas; Sir W. S. Gilbert revolutionised light verse as an amusement for the masses. The clumsy, tuneless, often meaningless stuff of which the translations of French comic operas were composed, gave way to neat, pointed, highly-polished verses, in

which the maximum of effect was produced by weaving into intricate metres the most ordinary phrases of common conversation. The contrast between the vehicle and the sentiment was so abrupt and astonishing that the auditor was swept off his feet. You laughed without knowing why ; and afterwards, when you read the lyrics at leisure, the amazing skill of the work became increasingly apparent. One never tires of workmanship so delicate : the better it is known, the more it is appreciated.

Since then the writing of words for the musical stage has developed to such a degree that even the crudest kind of comic song is often full of verbal ingenuity and skill ; while, in the field of light opera, the work of Mr Adrian Ross, Mr Greenbank, and many others, has preserved the tradition in the worthiest spirit of discipleship. Nor need Mr Punch hesitate to claim his own share in the good work. He is far too modest to speak for himself ; so let a "constant reader," who has never contributed a line to his pages, speak for him. The light verse to be found in the present volume may well be welcomed, as

among the most ingenious and entertaining of a period in which entertainment and ingenuity have seldom failed the merry Muse of Laughter.

V

Not all the poems, however, are humorous; and it is right to speak first of those pieces which have a deliberately serious intention—the memorial poems, for instance, and those devoted to urgent political crises. Mr Punch has always been happy in his treatment of such occasions. Speaking, as is his privilege, to the general reader rather than to the literary student, he is wise in avoiding a too self-conscious effort towards pure poetry: what is really wanted is a dignified order of poetical rhetoric. And in this kind of work the late E. J. Milliken excelled. The present volume abounds in happy examples of his work, as, for instance, his strong lines to accompany Sir John Tenniel's famous cartoon of "Dropping the Pilot."

No "branch in Lethe dipped by Morpheus" slacks
This Pilot's sight, or vanquishes his force.
The ship he leaves may steer on other tacks;
Will the new Palinurus hold her course
With hand as firm and skill of such resource?
He who, Æneas-like,
Now takes the helm himself, perchance may strike
On sunken shoals, or wish, on the wild main,
The old Pilot back again.

Here is precisely the note which the occasion required, a note intelligible to the "man-in-the-street," and yet expressed with a firm restraint likely to be appreciated by the man of taste as well. And what a wealth of critical colour is instilled into the memorial verses on Tennyson.

The fragrant fruitfulness of wood and wold,
Of flowery upland, and of orchard-lawn,
Lit by the lingering evening's softened gold,
Or flushed with rose-hued radiance of the dawn;
Bird-music beautiful; the robin's trill,
Or the rook's drowsy clangour; flats that run
From sky to sky, dusk woods that drape the hill,
Still lakes that draw the sun;
All, all are mirror'd in his verse, and there
Familiar beauties shine most strangely fair.

Milliken's death inflicted a great loss upon the resources of the *Punch* table, and

it was not the least of the good fortunes of Mr Owen Seaman's editorship that the "man in the chair," (whose natural tendencies, of course, lie in other directions), had versatility enough to adapt himself to the necessities of the occasion, and to fulfil them with admirable distinction. Mr Seaman's serious verses have been one of the outstanding features of *Punch* for several years past.

VI

But it was as a humorist, and especially as a parodist, that Mr Punch's "nautical retainer," as Mr Seaman used to sign himself, first took the public eye, and it is as a parodist that he will always be most gratefully remembered. It begins to be a long while since "The Rhyme of the Kipperling" was new, but it is as fresh to-day as ever.

Now scarce had Ned dropped line and lead when
he spots the pipeclayed hide,
And the corporal's breeks on the jibsail-boom like a
troopship on the tide;

And Bill likewise, when he ups and spies the slip
of a rag of the Queen's,
And the rusty sword, and he sniffs aboard the moke
of the Horse Marines.

So they each luffed sail, and they each turned tail,
and they whipped their wheels like mad,
When the one he said "By the Lord, it's Ned!" and
the other, "It's Bill, by Gad!"

Then about and about, and nozzle to snout, they
rammed through breach and brace,
And the splinters flew as they mostly do when a
Government test takes place.

The thing could not possibly be better
done: the criticism is as good-natured as
the fun is fast and furious.

There are other parodists, too, in this
little volume not unworthy to share Mr
Seaman's colours. In particular will the
reader turn to the "Lost Masterpieces"
of the late St John Hankin—delightful
fantasias—now, alas! recalled with an
altogether incongruous memory of haunt-
ing pathos. The "Arnold" is inimitable.

ON MARGATE SANDS

Still is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide

Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene.
And I, too, brood. I pace
Here on the sands and muse
On the probable meaning of Life,
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed,
What are you? What am I?
After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.
And the souls of us as they strive
To answer questions like these
Stand perplexed and in doubt
And lose the outlook serene,
The grand detachment, the calm,
Which they should strive to attain.

It is pitiable to reflect that one, who could smile so kindly upon the mild melancholy of another poet, should have declined at last upon so deathly a melancholy of his own.

VII

To be a parodist is to see in all literature the elements of sport, and Mr Punch has always been the best of sportsmen. Never

a week passes without his giving us at least one picture devoted to the life of the open air, and of late years his poets have borne his artists excellent company in the celebration of good, clean, British sport. Upon the cricket field we have the lively verses of Captain Kendall and Mr A. A. Milne: upon the hunting field the breathless melodies of Mr R. J. Richardson, and upon every sort of field whatever the ubiquitous and cheery spirit of Mr R. C. Lehmann. In the present volume Mr Lehmann is represented more especially by his charming poems of child-life—poems which have found a sympathetic hearing in thousands of simple English homes, but Mr Richardson has permitted the inclusion of some of his most spirited songs of the field.

Pull 'im an' worry 'im! *Poo-ll* 'im an' worry 'im!

Paladin, Pilot an' Pilgrim an' all!—

Think of 'em rowstin' 'im out by the mill:

Think of 'em screamin' up over the 'ill:

They'd 'ave a seet of 'im:

They'd 'ave the meat of 'im:

Stoopin' an' swoopin' an'—look at 'em still!

Runnin' like smoke since a quarter to three:

Gamiest gallopers ever I see!

Lor', 'ow they sung to it !
Lor', 'ow they clung to it !
Nobody up but the Master an' me !—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im !—*Talli-'o—Talli-'o* !
Rifleman, Roland an' Raglan an' all !

Contrast this with Captain Kendall's mock-heroic appeal to the "First Catch" of the Season, and you get some idea of the variety of Mr Punch's appeal and method.

Not from the bat's edge come, with that weird swerve
By golfers called the slice, whose double curve
Foil the keen eye, and shocks the high-strung nerve ;

Nor in the slips approach me, with a spin
That grinds you from the palm before you're in ;
And oh, if straight I stand, or square, or thin,

Whate'er my post, in whatsoever wise
You come, I trust I may at least devise
Some plausible excuse, if need should rise.

The finish of this kind of work is on a level with its sportsmanship. They did not write like this, the enthusiast is tempted to believe, in times remote from our own !

VIII

But we must allow ourselves no more quotations from the pleasant pages which await the reader—pages from which we have already too long detained his attention. All that it is seemly for so poor a fugleman to undertake is the bare indication of the good things in preparation: his office is no more than that of the waiter, who sets down the menu by your plate, mumbling the while the names of one or two of the more palatable dishes. The truest thing, moreover, that can be said of any form of humour is this: the truer humour it is, the less there will be to say about it. False humour and thin workmanship invite any quantity of comment; and the curious critic may revel in exposing their little weaknesses. But of sound humour and good workmanship what can you say? There is nothing to do but point to the table of contents, as the waiter to the bill of fare, and beg you to choose for yourself. And assuredly you will not be disappointed. For, returning in a circle to the point from which we set out, we

shall find in this little collection a refreshing absence of that kind of witticism which grins through a horse-collar, as well as of the momentary humour which clings round some passing fashion, and perishes before the fashion itself. Here, as it seems to me, we are invited to laugh *with* people, and not *at* them. And, above all, we are invited to share in Mr Punch's weekly feast of wit, upon dishes carefully chosen, delicately prepared, and served with decency and decorum. It is over no bacchanalian orgy of fun that Mr Punch presides; his table is that of a well-bred Englishman, surrounded by friends of his own inclination. Well: is there any better society for English men and women?

Ladies and gentlemen, the door is opened to you: the dinner-hour has struck. It is for yourselves to do the rest.

ARTHUR WAUGH

Note

THE Publishers desire to express their gratitude to the various authors represented for their ready consent to the inclusion of their poems, and particularly to Messrs W. Blackwood & Sons for permission to include certain of Mr R. C. Lehmann's poems; to Messrs Archibald Constable & Co. for permission to reprint the "Ballad of Edinboro' Toon" by Captain Kendall, and also for permission to include verses from the late Mr St John Hankin's volume "Lost Masterpieces and Other Verses" published by them; to Mr John Lane for permission to include "The Rhyme of the Kipperling" by Mr Owen Seaman; and to Messrs Reynolds & Co., Music Publishers, 13, Berners Street, London, W., for permission to include the

late Mr Corney Grain's verses "The Choir-Boy."

All efforts having failed to trace the whereabouts of Mr R. V. N. Hopkins, Mr H. P. Stephens, Mr W. St Leger, and the Executors of the late Mr E. J. Milliken, the publishers have taken the liberty to assume the consent of these gentlemen. The cordial willingness of all authors who were approached for the right to include their poems in this volume encourages the publishers to think that these gentlemen would not have withheld permission, could they have been found.

The Choir-Boy; or, Sentiment Made Easy

I ONCE composed a Polka,
And I thought it full of "go",
Sure to set the heads a-nodding,
And to please the nimble toe.
But my publishers said, "No, dear boy!
The Polka's had its day,
The public's got a serious turn,
Dance-music doesn't pay.
But there! don't be down-hearted,
The tune's too good to waste,
Just take it home and alter it,
To suit the public taste.
We want a song with sentiment
To make the public cry,
The piano—not too difficult,
The voice-part—not too high!"
Then I took my little Polka,
And turned it inside out,

And added subtle harmonies,
And twisted it about ;
I played it very slowly,
With harmonium here and there—
It's wonderful the pathos
The harmonium lends an air.
Then I added chords in triplets,
Strange, weird chords they were,
With rippling soft arpeggios
Like harps borne on the air.
Then fainter grew the music,
Then softly died away,
Like ling'ring gleams of sunshine
In the fast-declining day.
Then I wrote a set of verses,
Of a sickly sort of kind,
About a little choir-boy,
Of a morbid turn of mind.
Of course he'd large blue eyes,
And golden hair, that boy,
And of course he sang divinely,
Did that "mother's only joy",
And when he sang on Sundays,
His voice o'ertopped the rest—

Which was very inartistic,
But the public like that best.
Of course he soon grew pale and wan,
And faded day by day,
And just about the third verse,
He faded quite away!——
And now at Penny Readings
Young curates sing that song,
Till not a dry eye's left
In all that solemn throng.
And when the mothers hear it,
They softly sob and weep,
And the fathers snore approval,
In their after-dinner sleep.
It's played on barrel-organs,
And on ev'ry German band,
And it's selling now by thousands,
Far and wide throughout the land.
And when I get my little cheque,
I chuckle in my joy,
And *bless* that little Polka,
That became "*The Choir-Boy*."

CORNEY GRAIN

April 30, 1887.

The Complaint of the Grand Piano

I WAS a grand piano once—nay,
hearken what I say—
The grandeur is no longer here, it
left me yesterday.

One leather-souled executant at a
sitting could demolish
The mellow pride of tuneful years, of tone,
and power, and polish.

A dapper man, with weary brow, and
smile of conscious pow'r,
A Jove, prepared to improvise tone-thunder
by the hour,
Is NASMYTH HAMMERMANN, whose touch
would disconcert the dead,
Whose foot would rush with pedal-crush
where angels fear to tread.

He kept his soul in patience while lesser
people played,
As one who bears with cruder views that
taste-bound souls degrade ;
He pitied plaintive melody and winning
modulation,
Biding his time—and then it came—the
afternoon's sensation.

He hovered over the keyboard, like a wild
beast over its prey,
And he tossed his head, and he rattled
his wrists—and then he began to
play ;
To play ! And in that crowded room was
none with heart to see
That what was play to him and them was
worse than death to me !

He struck a chord, as a hawk strikes a
lark who is dumb with fear,
And his fingers spread over the octaves like
a slander in full career,

And my overstrung nerves that waited the
worst nigh sprung from the shuddering
case

As he finished his horrible prelude with an
awful bang in the bass.

He gloated; I waited; and then began a
butchery great and grim,
And melody screamed and harmony
writhed, and form, rent limb from limb,
Was hurled in murderous *largesse* to the
careless, ravening crowd,
Who chatted and laugh'd the louder, as
my agony waxed more loud.

He checked his course, and he wirgled
round, till he found the soul of pain,
And he thumped it with pitiless fingers,
again, again, again!
Then, like a pawing horse let go, he tore
at headlong pace,
And drowned the tortured treble's cry in
the roar of an anguished bass.

My tenderest tones, that answer clear the
artist's lightest touch,
Were yank'd in handfuls out like hair in
some fierce maniac's clutch,
And my beautiful keys, that never yet had
sullied their tuneful pride,
Like elephants with the tusk-ache in ivory
anguish cried.

Hark to the murmurs sad and low, self-
struck upon my strings,
Such music as a dying love, unknown,
unsolaced sings,
For yesterday's undreamt disgrace can
never not have been,
And I must shrink from music now, and
sob "Unclean, unclean!"

The girls have practised on me in endless
ladders of scales,
Whereby they mounted to castle'd heights,
and the realms of fairy-tales ;

And I loved their wayward endeavours,
and my patient sweetness at last
Won them to tell me their love's young
dreams as I hallowed their childhood's
past.

And the Governess, meek and modest, who
counted the tale of bars,
Would slip from the sleeping children, and
the schoolroom worries and jars ;
And the tender heart would open to me,
and, work-a-day woes forgot,
The pencil-cramped hands would tremble,
and the tears from her heart well'd
hot.

They called her a Perfect Treasure, but
'twas I alone who knew
The tale of the young life's struggle, so
tender, and brave, and true ;
And when she touched me I told it, and
somebody listened and learned,
And the winter-time went out of her life,
and the daffodil days returned.

And MAUD in her tempers would bang
away — Sweet MAUD — for I often
heard

The *fortissimo* suddenly ended in a kiss like
the chirp of a bird.

And MABEL'S curious reveries—how soon a
piano discovers

When a girl gives one hand to her music,
and the other is clasped in her lover's.

Perchance some tender hand again may
soothe my tortured heart,

May seal the scars of HAMMERMANN with
balm of rare MOZART ;

Perchance the Nocturne's mystic feet may
through my caverns stray,

When great BEETHOVEN'S passion-storms
have cleansed the plague away.

But no, farewell that happy past ; hence-
forth I'm only fit

To play the concertina's part to wandering
niggers' wit ;

Or as a street-piano, find as jubilant a
goal
As a wet day in China when you do not
know a soul.

Yet it may be my past deserts may win a
loftier place,
Low in the outer walks of Art, not blatant
in disgrace ;
And Music's tutelary powers may bid their
Outcast go
And be the sacred music in a panoramic
show,
And moan "*The Village Blacksmith*" when
the lights are burning low.

W. ST LEGER

August 25, 1888.

Dropping the Pilot

Prince Bismarck receives his Congé

GREAT Pilot, whom so many
storms have tried,
To see thee quit the helm at
last, at last,
And slow descend that vessel's stately side,
Whilst yet waves surge and skies are
overcast,
Wakes wondering memories of that
mighty past,
Shaped by a guiding hand,
Strong to direct as strenuous to command.
When yet did a great ship on the great sea
Drop Pilot like to thee?

The "wakeful Palinurus" of old song
Drowns at the last, and floods his corpse
did overwhelm ;

But thou hast ever been alert as strong,
Pilot who never slumbered at the helm.
Impetuous youth aspires to rear a
realm,

And the State-bark to steer
In other fashion. Is it faith or fear
Fills the old Pilot's spirit as he moves
Slow from the post he loves?

No "branch in Lethe dipped by Morpheus"
slacks

This Pilot's sight, or vanquishes his
force.

The ship he leaves may steer on other
tacks;

Will the new Palinurus hold her course
With hand as firm and skill of such re-
source?

He who, Æneas-like,
Now takes the helm himself, perchance
may strike
On sunken shoals, or wish, on the wild
main,

The old Pilot back again.

These things are on the knees of the great
gods ;
But, hap what hap, that slow-descending
form,
Which oft hath stood with winds and
waves at odds,
And almost single-handed braved the
storm,
Shows an heroic shape ; and high hearts
warm
To that stout grim-faced bulk
Of manhood looming large against the
hulk
Of the great Ship, whose course, at fate's
commands,
He leaves to lesser hands !

E. J. MILLIKEN

March 29, 1890.

John Henry Newman

Died August 11, 1890

“**L**EAD, kindly Light!” From
lips serene as strong,
Chaste as melodious, on
world-weary ears
Fall, 'midst earth's chaos wild of hopes
and fears,
The accents calm of spiritual song,
Striking across the tumult of the throng
Like the still line of lustre, soft, severe,
From the high-riding, ocean-swaying
sphere,
Athwart the wandering wilderness of waves.
Is there not human soul-light which so
laves
Earth's lesser spirits with its chastening
beam,
That passion's bale-fire and the lurid
gleam

Of sordid selfishness know strange eclipse?
Such purging lustre his, whose eloquent
lips

Lie silent now. Great soul, great Eng-
lishman!

Whom narrowing bounds of creed, or
caste, or clan,
Exclude not from world-praise and all
men's love.

Fine spirit, which the strain of ardent
strife
Warped not from its firm poise, or made
to move
From the pure pathways of the Saintly
Life!

NEWMAN, farewell! Myriads whose spirits
spurn
The limitations thou didst love so well,
Who never knew the shades of Oriel,
Or felt their quickened spirits pulse and
burn
Beneath that eye's regard, that voice's
spell,—

Myriads, world-scattered and creed-
sundered, turn
In thought to that hushed chamber's
chastened gloom.
In all great hearts there is abundant
room
For memories of greatness, and high
pride
In what sects cannot kill nor seas
divide.
The Light hath led thee, on through
honoured days
And lengthened, through wild gusts of
blame and praise,
Through doubt, and severing change,
and poignant pain,
Warfare that strains the breast and racks
the brain,
At last to haven! Now no English heart
Will willingly forego unfeignéd part
In honouring thee, true master of our
tongue,
On whose word, writ or spoken, ever
hung

All English ears which knew that tongue's
best charm.

Not as great Cardinal such hearts most
warm

To one above all office and all state,
Serenely wise, magnanimously great ;
Not as the pride of Oriel, or the star
Of this host or of that in creed's hot war,
But as the noble spirit, stately, sweet,
Ardent for good without fanatic heat,
Gentle of soul, though greatly militant,
Saintly, yet with no touch of cloistral cant ;
Him England honours, and so bends
to-day
In reverent grief o'er NEWMAN'S Glorious
clay.

E. J. MILLIKEN

August 23, 1890

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Died January 31, 1892

S TURDY saint-militant, stout,
genial soul,
Through good and ill report
you've reached the goal
Of all brave effort, and attained that light
Which makes our clearest noontide seem
as night.
How much 'twill show us all! We boast
our clarity
Of spiritual sense, but mutual charity
Is still our nearest need when faith grows
fierce
And even hope earth's mists can hardly
pierce.
You were much loved; you spake a potent
word

In the world's ear, and listening thousands
heard
With joy that clear and confident appeal.
The lingering doubts finer-strung spirits
feel,
The sensitive shrinkings from familiar
touch
Of the high mysteries, moved you not. Of
such
The great throng-stirrers! And you
stirred the throng
Who felt you honest and who knew you
strong;
Racy of homely earth, yet spirit-fired
With all their higher moods felt, loved,
desired.
Puritan, yet of no ascetic strain
Or arid straitness, freshening as the rain
And healthy as the clod; a native force
Incult yet quickening, cleaving its straight
course
Unchecked, unchastened, conquering to
the end.
Crudeness may chill, and confidence offend,

But manhood, mother wit, and selfless
zeal,
Speech clear as light, and courage true as
steel
Must win the many. Honest soul and
brave,
The greatest drop their garlands on your
grave!

E. J. MILLIKEN

February 13, 1892.

“ Crossing the Bar ”

IN MEMORIAM—ALFRED LORD
TENNYSON

Died October 6, 1892

“ Taliessen is our fullest throat of song.”—*The Holy Grail.*

O UR fullest throat of song is
silent, hushed
In Autumn, when the songless
woods are still,
And with October's boding hectic flushed
Slowly the year disrobes. A passionate
thrill
Of strange proud sorrow pulses through
the land,
His land, his England, which he loved so
well;
And brows bend low, as slow from strand
to strand
The Poet's passing bell

Sends forth its solemn note, and every
heart
Chills, and sad tears to many an eyelid
start.

Sad tears in sooth ! And yet not wholly so.
Exquisite echoes of his own swan-song
Forbid mere murmuring mournfulness ; the
glow

Of its great hope illumines us. Sleep, thou
strong

Full tide, as over the unmoaning bar
Fares this unfaltering darer of the deep,
Beaconed by a Great Light, the pilot-
star

Of valiant souls, who keep
Through the long strife of thought-life free
from scathe
The luminous guidance of the larger faith.

No sadness of farewell ? Great Singer,
crowned
With lustrous laurel, facing that far
light,

In whose white radiance dark seems
 whelmed and drowned,
And death a passing shade, of meaning
 slight ;
Sunset, and evening star, and that clear
 call,
The twilight shadow, and the evening
 bell,
Bring naught of gloom for thee. Whate'er
 befall

 Thou must indeed fare well.
But we—we have but memories now, and
 love
The plaint of fond regret will scarce re-
 prove.

Great singer, he, and great among the
 great,
Or greatness hath no sure abiding
 test.
The poet's splendid pomp, the shining
 state
Of royal singing robes, were his, con-
 fest,

By slowly growing certitude of fame,
 Since first, a youth, he found fresh-open-
 ing portals
To Beauty's Pleasure-House. Ranked
 with acclaim
 Amidst the true Immortals,
The amaranth fields with native ease he
 trod,
Authentic son of the lyre-bearing god.

Fresh portals, untrod pleasaunces, new
 ways
 In Art's great Palace, shrined in Nature's
 heart,
Sought the young singer, and his limpid
 lays,
 O'er sweet, perchance, yet made the
 quick blood start
To many a cheek mere glittering rhymes
 left cold.
 But through the gates of Ivory or of
 Horn
His vivid vision flocked, and who so bold
 As to repulse with scorn

The shining troop because of shadowy
birth,
Of bodiless passion, or light tinkling
mirth?

But the true god-gift grows. Sweet,
sweet, still sweet

As great Apollo's lyre, or Pan's plain reed,
His music flowed, but slowly he out-beat
His song to finer issues. Fingers fleet,
That trifled with the pipe-stops, shook
grand sound

From the great organ's golden mouths
anon.

A mellow-measured might, a beauty bound
(As Venus with her zone)

By that which shaped from chaos Earth,
Air, Sky,

The unhampering restraint of Harmony.

Hysteric ecstasy, now fierce, now faint,
But ever fever-sick, shook not his lyre
With epileptic fervours. Sensual taint
Of satyr heat, or bacchanal desire,

Polluted not the passion of his song ;
No corybantic clangour clamoured
through
Its manly harmonies, as sane as strong ;
So that the captious few
Found sickliness in pure Elysian balm,
And coldness in such high Olympian calm.

Impassioned purity, high minister
Of spirit's joys, was his, reserved, re-
strained.

His song was like the sword Excalibur
Of his symbolic knight ; trenchant, un-
stained,

It shook the world of worldly baseness,
smote

The Christless heathendom of huckster-
ing days.

There is no harshness in that mellow
note,

No blot upon those bays ;
For loyal love and knightly valour rang
Through rich immortal music when he
sang.

ARTHUR, his friend, the Modern Gentle-
man,
ARTHUR, the hero, his ideal Knight,
Inspired his strains. From fount to flood
they ran
A flawless course of melody and
light.
A Christian chivalry shone in his song
From Locksley Hall to shadowy Lyon-
nesse,
Whence there stand forth two figures,
stately, strong,
Symbols of spirit's stress ;
The blameless King, saintship with scarce
a blot,
And song's most noble sinner, LANCELOT.

Lover of England, lord of English hearts,
Master of English speech, painter
supreme
Of English landscape! Patriot passion
starts
A-flame, pricked by the words that glow
and gleam

In those imperial pæans, which might arm
Pale cowards for the fray. Touched by
his hand

The simple sweetness, and the homely
charm

Of our green garden-land
Take on a witchery as of Arden's glade,
Or verdant Vallombrosa's leafy shade.

The fragrant fruitfulness of wood and wold,
Of flowery upland, and of orchard-lawn,
Lit by the lingering evening's softened
gold,

Or flushed with rose-hued radiance of
the dawn ;

Bird-music beautiful ; the robin's trill,

Or the rook's drowsy clangour ; flats
that run

From sky to sky, dusk woods that drape
the hill,

Still lakes that draw the sun ;
All, all are mirror'd in his verse, and there
Familiar beauties shine most strangely
fair.

Poet, the pass-key magical was thine,
To Beauty's Fairy World, in classic calm
Or rich romantic colour. Bagdat's shrine
By sheeny Tigris, Syrian pool and palm,
Avilion's bowery hollows, Ida's peak,
The lily-laden Lotos land, the fields
Of amaranth! What may vagrant Fancy
seek

More than thy rich song yields,
Of Orient odour, Faëry wizardry,
Or soft Arcadian simplicity?

From all, far Faëry Land, Romance's realm,
Green English homestead, cloud-crown'd
Attic hill,

The Poet passes—whither? Not the helm
Of wounded ARTHUR, lit by light that fills
Avilion's fair horizons, gleamed more
bright

Than does that leonine laurelled visage
now,
Fronting with steadfast look that mystic
Light.

Grave eye, and gracious brow

Turn from the evening bell, the earthly
shore,
To face the Light that floods him ever-
more.

Farewell! How fitlier should a poet pass
Than thou from that dim chamber and
the gleam
Of poor earth's purest radiance? Love,
alas!
Of that strange scene must long in
sorrow dream.
But we—we hear thy manful music still!
A royal requiem for a kingly soul!
No sadness of farewell! Away regret,
When greatness nears its goal!
We follow thee, in thought, through light,
afar
Divinely piloted beyond the bar!

E. J. MILLIKEN

October 15, 1892.

The Rhyme of the Kipperling

(N.B.—No nautical terms or statements guaranteed.)

AWAY by the haunts of the
Yang-tse-boo,
Where the Yuletide runs cold
gin,
And the rollicking sign of the "Lord
Knows Who"

Sees mariners drink like sin ;
Where the Jolly Roger tips his quart
To the luck of the Union Jack ;
And some are screwed on the foreign
port,

And some on the starboard tack—
Ever they tell the tale anew
Of the chase for the kipperling swag ;
How the smack *Tommy This* and the smack
Tommy That

They broached each other like a whiskey-
vat,
And the *Fuzzy-Wuz* took the bag.

Now this is the law of the herring fleet that
harries the northern main,
Tattooed in scars on the chests of the
tars with a brand like the brand of
Cain:

That none may woo the sea-born shrew
save such as pay their way
With a kipperling netted at noon of night
and cured ere the crack of day.

It was the woman Sal o' the Dune, and
the men were three to one,
Bill the Skipper and Ned the Nipper and
Sam that was Son of a Gun;
Bill was a Skipper and Ned was a Nipper
and Sam was the Son of a Gun,
And the woman was Sal o' the Dune, as
I said, and the men were three to
one.

There was never a light in the sky that
night of the soft midsummer gales,
But the great man-bloaters snorted low,
and the young 'uns sang like whales.
And out laughed Sal (like a dog-toothed
wheel was the laugh that Sal laughed
she):

“Now who's for a bride on the shady side
of up'ards of forty-three?”

And Neddy he swore by butt and bend, and
Billy by bend and bitt,
And nautical names that no man frames
but your amateur nautical wit.
And Sam said, “Shiver my topping-lifts
and scuttle my foc's'le yarn,
And may I be curst if I'm not in first with
a kipperling slued astarn!”

Now the smack *Tommy This* and the smack
Tommy That and the *Fuzzy-Wuz* smack,
all three,
Their captains bold they were Bill and
Ned and Sam respectivelee.

And it's writ in the rules that the primary
schools of kippers should get off cheap
For a two mile reach off Foulness beach
when the July tide's at neap;
And the lawless lubbers that lust for loot
and filch the yearling stock
They get smart raps from the coastguard
chaps with their blunderbuss fixed
half-cock.

Now Bill the Skipper and Ned the Nipper
could tell green cheese from blue,
And Bill knew a trick and Ned knew a
trick, but Sam knew a trick worth two.

So Bill he sneaks a corporal's breeks and
a belt of pipeclayed hide,
And splices them on to the jibsail-boom
like a troopship on the tide.

And likewise Ned to his masthead he runs
a rag of the Queen's,
With a rusty sword and a moke on board
to bray like the Horse Marines.

But Sam lies low and he keeps off-shore
and he waits for things to stir,
Then he tracks for the deep with a long
fog-horn rigged up like a bowchasér.

Now scarce had Ned dropped line and lead
when he spots the pipeclayed hide,
And the corporal's breeks on the jibsail-
boom like a troopship on the tide ;
And Bill likewise, when he ups and spies
the slip of a rag of the Queen's,
And the rusty sword, and he sniffs aboard
the moke of the Horse Marines.

So they each luffed sail, and they each
turned tail, and they whipped their
wheels like mad,
When the one he said "By the Lord, it's
Ned!" and the other, "It's Bill, by
Gad!"

Then about and about, and nozzle to snout,
they rammed through breach and brace,
And the splinters flew as they mostly do
when a Government test takes place.

Then up stole Sam with his little ram and
the nautical talk flowed free,
And in good bold type might have covered
the two front sheets of the *P. M. G.*

But the fog-horn bluff was safe enough,
where all was weed and weft,
And the conger-eels were a-making meals,
and the pick of the flotsam left
Was a binnacle-lid and a leak in the bilge
and the chip of a cracked sheerstrake,
And the corporal's belt and the moke's cool
pelt and a portrait of Francis Drake.

So Sam he hauls the dead men's trawls and
he booms for the harbour-bar,
And the splitten fry are salted dry by the
blink of the morning star.

And Sal o' the Dune was wed next moon
by the man that paid his way
With a kipperling netted at deep of night
and cured ere the crack of day;

For such is the law of the herring fleet that
harries the northern main,
Tattooed in scars on the chests of the tars
with a brand like the brand of Cain.

And still in the haunts of the Yang-tse-
boo

Ever they tell the tale anew

Of the chase for the kipperling swag ;
How the smack *Tommy This* and the
smack *Tommy That*

They broached each other like a
whiskey-vat,

And the *Fuzzy-Wuz* took the bag.

OWEN SEAMAN

January 13, 1894.

A False Gallop of Analogies

[“The chavender, or chub.”—IZAACK WALTON.]

THERE is a fine stuffed
chavender,
A chavender, or chub
That decks the rural pavender,
The pavender, or pub,
Wherein I eat my gravender,
My gravender, or grub.

How good the honest gravender !
How snug the rustic pavender !
From sheets as sweet as lavender,
As lavender, or lub,
I jump into my tavender,
My tavender, or tub.

Alas ! for town and clavender,
For business and club !
They call me from my pavender
To-night ; ay, there's the ravender,
Ay, there comes in the rub !
To leave each blooming shrevender,
Each Spring-bedizened shrub,
And meet the horsy savender,
The very forward sub,
At dinner at the clavender,
And then at billiards dravender,
At billiards soundly drub
The self-sufficient cavender,
The not ill-meaning cub,
Who me a bear will davender,
A bear unfairly dub,
Because I sometimes snavender,
Not too severely snub
His setting right the clavender,
His teaching all the club !

Farewell to peaceful pavender,
My river-dreaming pub,
To bed as sweet as lavender,

To homely, wholesome gravender,
And you, inspiring chavender,
Stuff'd chavender, or chub.

W. ST LEGER

May 5, 1894.

Rudyard Austin

An attempt to paraphrase *The Absent-minded Beggar* for the use of those who prefer what *The Chronicle* calls the "ultra-classical bent" of the Poet Laureate.

WHEN *Rule Britannia* rings
through hut and hall,
And men have sung *God Save*
the Queen withal ;

When has been whet the keen invective's
sword

Against Meridian Afric's tyrant lord ;
Spare not your largesse for his kin who
plies

The legionary's task in tan-hued guise !
Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,
His best endeavours oft with frailty fraught ;
Yet with a conscience facile to forego
The judgment of or us or yonder foe ;
Southward, to clean our 'scutcheon, see
him wind,
Leaving his loved impediments behind !

Scion of Atheling or of kitchen-drone,
Claimant perchance to Alfred's Alfred's
throne—

Five tens of thousands in each other's train
They press athwart the ship-encumbered
plain;

With their domestic wants 'tis Alfred's
hope

To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Wives he may have, our Thomas, one or
more,

Whose nuptial knot the callous powers
ignore;

From which unchartered wedlock—who
shall say?—

Some offspring may have seen the light of
day,

Who needs the warmth Prometheus first
conveyed,

With solvent hearth, and Ceres' homely aid.
Doubtless are left some damosels with
whom

He held high converse in the devious gloom!

Wrong? was it wrong? I only know they
grieve
To miss the pressure of his ambient
sleeve,
Who to our care with careless trust as-
signed
The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir to an Ealdorman or kitchen-thrall—
These crust-distinctions shall we now re-
call?
What boots it though he left his licensed
sire
'Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic
fire?
With claims of wife or wench 'tis Alfred's
hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Myriad the matrons who, in utmost need,
Are nerved by pride to nor complain nor
plead!
Their dear Penates rather would they doom
To lie as pledges with a local Oom.

Their brave breadwinner absent, serves
but ill

The nation's pittance, practically *nil*!

Vague in his views, a man of errant
thought,

He waited not in corners to be sought,

When summoned, much like sturdy Cin-
cinnatus,

To leave across his toil a crude hiatus;

Nor lagged to haggle as to who should
mind

The loved impediments he left behind.

Life-work of feudal lord or simple serf,

Toilers that race upon, or mow, the turf;

Ceasing their several labours forth they
range

From ecurie and mart and moated grange.

Come, with their kindred's wants 'tis
Alfred's hope

To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

So shall we face him with reproachless
hands

(If anything this meaneth) when he lands.

And, as returned our Roman, having
whacked

The Aequian foe, to find his plough intact,
Likewise should Thomas, Victor, view
with pride

His former pair of shoes unoccupied.

Vague, as I said,—a man of errant thought,
And apt, when hurt, to say, "'Tis naught!
'tis naught!"

Yet, by our "flag, inflexible as Fate,"
Shall it be said that we have relegate
To pauper's rations, we, his kith and kind,
Those loved impediments he left behind?

Mansion of Cræsus, pastry-monger's cot,
Villa of Earl, in all a vacant spot!
Five tens of thousands in each other's train
They move athwart the ship-encumbered
main!

Lo! with the wants of these, their country's
hope,
I bid your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

OWEN SEAMAN

November 8, 1899.

In Memoriam: John Ruskin

Died January 20, 1900

A MID the stress of high-em-
battled strife
Thy gentle spirit finds its
long release ;
So ends the quiet labour of a life
That loved the things of Peace.

Her triumphs were thy own ; the bloodless
fight
For Truth and Beauty thou hast waged
and won ;
Careless of praise ; content before the
night
To know thy task well done.

Nature to thee was holy ground, and Art
An act of worship wrought within the
shrine ;
To thee, if given to God with perfect heart,
Such service shewed divine.

Those temple-rites, not meet to be
profaned,
Still hast thou taught with sacerdotal
pride ;
Still fed the fire, still kept the robe
unstained,
And by the altar died !

OWEN SEAMAN

January 31, 1900.

Beatus Ille:

or, The Truth about Rural Felicity

FAREWELL, the City's roar!
Farewell,
Belgravia's meretricious charms!
I come to taste the soothing spell
That emanates from dairy-farms.

I fling to any summer wind
The cares that warp my worldly
breast,
And look with certitude to find
That cure of nature—balmy rest.

My palate craves no piquant spice,
No arts that titillate the town ;
What need of Clicquot off the ice,
To wash the native cockerel down?

Fulfilled with milk (a generous tap)

I seek my chaste and timely bed,
And on the pillow's rustic nap
Depose a well-contented head.

I leave my little casement wide,
To catch, athwart the whispering trees,
Some murmur of the country side,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

Out of my beauty sleep I start !
Was that the whirr of seraph wings ?
I prick my ears ; I hold my breath ;
The room is full of flying things !

Bluebottles wanton on the pane ;
Across my temple flits a bat ;
Along my nose an organ-strain
Booms from a desultory gnat.

Above, the night-moth caracoles ;
Below, I mark the beetle's hum ;
An earwig tentatively strolls
About my sacred tympanum.

I grope for matches fro and to ;
Three times I bark my brittle shin ;
I draw the blind (of Prussian blue)
And let the awful moonshine in.

For hours in that religious light,
One man against a myriad brutes,
I urge the long unequal fight
Now with my bolster, now my boots.

The moon is off: my quickened ear,
Aided by instinct guides the charge ;
The stars grow pale ; the dawn is near ;
The bat alone is left at large.

3.25.—The thing has fled
To seek a more secluded bower ;
Fainting I fall beneath my bed,
And there remain for half-an-hour.

I wake ; I mop my beady brow.
Is it a "presence" chills my blood ?
Only a cow or so (outside)
Chewing the coarse nocturnal cud.

Under the sheet I veil my head,
And ask myself why I was born ;
And lo ! a blast to wake the dead !
It is the chanticleer of morn.

Not once nor twice ; not vaguely heard
Performing on a distant hill ;
Four hundred times this shameless bird
Trumps just below my window-sill !

At 5.0 the early ducklings quack ;
At 6.0 a donkey seems in pain ;
At 7.0 I rise and swiftly pack ;
At 8.0 I catch the London train.

Welcome, the City's restful roar !
Welcome, Belgravia's urban charms !
This prodigal shall roam no more
A prey to Nature's night-alarms !

OWEN SEAMAN

August 8, 1900.

“Whisker”: A Warrior

(By One who knew him)

ONLY a London 'bus horse;
that's what he was last
year,
When he worked from High-
gate Archway to the Strand,
A good 'un for his collar work, not difficult
to steer,
And at pulling up quite suddenly was
grand.
Some said he came from Suffolk and was
one of GILBEY'S strain,
But I think he hailed from far across the
sea—
A Canadian, by the colour of his “cayuse”
tail and mane,
But they didn't give *him* no straight
pedigree.

Only a London 'bus horse ; but they picked
him for the front

Without asking him if he would like to go.
When they want a slave who's willing of a
fight to bear the brunt,

They don't give him any chance to
answer No.

So they packed off poor old "Whisker,"
with about a hundred more,

In a transport that was bound for Table
Bay,

And they say he wasn't sea-sick on his
passage to the war,

But was ready for his breakfast day by
day.

Only a London 'bus horse ; but they put
him to the guns,

And he dragged his load with gameness
through the sand,

P'r'aps now and then he hoped they'd take
some ounces off the tons,

And wished that he was trotting down
the Strand.

But he never shirked his duty, nor
started at the noise,
The crackle and the rattle all around ;
He did just as he was ordered, like the
bravest of the boys,
And with them under fire stood his
ground.

Only a London 'bus horse ; but he did his
level best

To save his gun from capture by the foe,
Though the lashing of the driver made
him snort and raise his crest,
Yet he didn't need the whip to make
him go.

Only a London 'bus horse, by the Modder
river slain,

A hero un-remembered in the strife,
Forgotten in the shouting of the loud
triumphal strain,
Yet he gave his all for England with his
life.

H. P. STEPHENS

August 29, 1900.

The Queen

Died January 22, 1901

THE tears we disallow to lesser
ill
Here is no shame for English
eyes to shed,
Because the noblest heart of all is still—
Because the Queen lies dead.

Grief asks for words, yet silent grief were
well ;

Vain is desire, as passionate prayer was
vain ;

Not all our love can bring, by any spell,
Breath to those lips again.

Ah ! had but Death foregone his royal
claim,

Demanding ransom, life for life the price,
How loyalty had leaped to kiss the flame
Of such a sacrifice !

God knows, in many a need this thing has
been—

Light hearts for her have dared the de-
solate grave ;
From other hurt their blood has saved the
Queen,
From Death it could not save.

And of the dregs to drink from sorrow's
cup
This is most bitter, that with life's
release
She might not leave her children folded up
Between the wings of Peace.

Yet, for a solace in that darkest hour,
When even Kings have found themselves
alone,
Over a people's love she kept her power
Firm as her fathers' throne.

So by the gate where is no first nor last,
And lords of earth must lay their splen-
dour down,

Thither, where Love is Sovereign, she has
passed
To win his queenlier crown.

Thence, by her guardian spirit, heavenly-
wise,
Still shall her realm of old be girded
round,
And common loss yet closer knit the ties
That common love has bound.

Yea, too, since Nature owns no bar of race,
She, being dead, may speak through
alien lands,
Changing suspicion, by remembered grace,
To trust that understands.

O great of heart ! in whom the world has
known
Wisdom with woman's sweetness re-
conciled ;
Who held her Kingdom's honour, as her
own,
Still fair and undefiled !

Best shall they keep that stainless memory
bright
Who count their heritage a holy debt,
Who walk with fearless soul the way of
light
In which her feet were set.

And in that faith, ere yet our tears are dry,
Or poignant grief has spent its sudden
sting,
To Him she serves we lift our hearts and
cry,
“God save her son, the King!”

OWEN SEAMAN

January 30, 1901.

The Splendid Bankrupt

*Being a Hint to our Legislators and a
Reminder to the Official Receiver*

UNDER its spreading bankruptcy
The village mansion stands ;
Its lord, a mighty man is he,
With large, broad - acred
lands ;
And the laws that baulk his creditors
Are strong as iron bands.

His laugh is free and loud and long,
His dress is spick-and-span ;
He pays no debt with honest sweat,
He keeps whate'er he can,
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he fears not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Prince-like he runs the show ;

And a round of social gaieties
Keeps things from getting slow—
As the *agent* of his wife, of course,
His credit's never low.

His children, coming back from school,
Bless their progenitor,
Who's ruffling at the yearly rate
Of fifteen thou. or more,
Nor care they how his victims fly
To the workhouse open door.

He goes on Sunday to the church
With all whom he employs,
To hear the parson pray and preach,
Condemning stolen joys ;
It falls like water off his back—
His conscience ne'er annoys.

Scheming, promoting, squandering,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some "deal" begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Some *coup* attempted, someone "done,"
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus in the busy City life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus does the Splendid Bankrupt thrive
While honest fools get nought !

A. A. SYKES

April 3, 1901.

Love's Omission

I HAVE whispered my love to the
 bright stars above,
 To the mountains !
 To the echoing hills, to the murmur-
 ing rills,
 To the fountains !
In woodland and vale I've unfolded my
 tale
 Of devotion ;
Not a meadow or grove but's aware of my
 love—
 My emotion !

I have spoken as well to each flower in the
 dell,
 The bees ranging
My passion reveal as the honey they
 steal,
 Sweets exchanging.

And the stream as it flows all my ecstasy
knows,
 Ah, sweet feeling!
To the air, to the sky, my love secrets
am I
 All revealing.

To the moon shining bright I have breathed
my delight,
 Ah, my passion!
All below, all above, I've informed of my
love
 In a fashion;
But though I have cried my desire far and
wide,
 I'm afraid I
Have yet to impart the true state of my
heart—
 To the lady!

W. H. MAAS

September 18, 1901.

The Tale of a Typewriter

IT was a phantom of delight
When first it gleamed upon my
sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be my study's ornament.
The key-board twinkled bright and new,
The plated levers twinkled too,
And underneath the case was seen
The very pulse of the machine,
That seemed to beckon and invite
To sit, to meditate, to write.

I sat for a while
With a big broad smile,
While the little bell rang in encouraging
style;
And I tapped on the keys
As fast as you please,
Like a woodpecker busily tapping the
trees.

I watched with delight on the paper
appear
The letters so legible, round and clear,
And curly and curlier grew my lip
As I gazed on my masterly workman-
ship.

But who can tell
When all is well?
What I thought was a pæan performed by
the bell
Was really a knell
My hopes to dispel
And change my bright heaven to desolate
hell.
When my gaze on the paper more narrowly
fell
I found the whole business a fraud and a
sell—
For the typer had never been taught to
spell!

The howlers it made!
I am fairly afraid

To tell all the tricks that typewriter
played!
You couldn't believe them although you
essayed;
And take this from me—
No infant of three,
However much "mixed" the said infant
might be,
Would dream of misspelling the words—
simple, quite—
That that fool of a typewriter couldn't
write right.

Then the stops: it was weird
To see what appeared!
Where a meek little comma the sense
might have cleared,
A tall exclamation defiantly reared,
Or high in the air a small asterisk
peered;
While as for its grammar, a fool had
detected
Its whole education'd been grossly ne-
glected.

Envoy

For sale, a typewriter that's hardly been
used.

A bargain. No offer in reason refused.

G. K. MENZIES

October 28, 1901.

Domestic Drama

The Children's Bread

WELL, JAMES? The Waits?
No, tell them not to—oh!
It's Mr WACE. How very
. . . How d'ye do?

Oh, not at all. Delightful! JAMES, bring
tea.

You've brought the cold in with you.—

Oh! and, JAMES,—

Don't go before I've finished speaking,
please,—

Tell them to air *Miss Fido's* Jaeger sheets,
At once. Poor love, she's perished with
this weather.

Yes, isn't it? Ah yes, the poor. Quite so!
They must. I'm sure they do. But you're
so wrong,

You clergy. Yes, you are. You coddle
them.

Oh, but you do, you know. You know
you do.

Won't you sit down? You'll find—oh,
not there!

Take care! My precious *Fido*! Is she
hurt?

My sainty dainty! How you frightened
me.

Shall have a biccy, precious. Would you
mind?

So many thanks. That silver *bonbonnière*.

He's werry sorry, pet, so don't be cross.

Give him a nice wet kiss.

Ah, here comes tea.

Sugar and cream? One lump? Thanks,
not for me.

I'll wait, I think, till you have—afterwards.
Now tell me, are you fond of—yes? How
nice!

Well then I must—I wonder if you'd like
To see her little things, her odds and ends,
And all her clothes—yes, *Fido's*. Sure you
would?

Yes, get them, JAMES, and don't forget the plates.

Oh, yes, her very own. She never eats Off anything but silver,—never has.

Another cup? No? Well, I think you're wise :

It does destroy one's appetite for dinner. And—yes, my sweet, what is it? Oh, of course !

Her dinner. Yes, she always knows that word.

Isn't it sweet of her? Yes, clever one Shall have its little din-din by-and-by. Oh, put them here, JAMES. Yes. And tell the cook

To mince *Miss Fido's* kidneys very fine, And send them up directly they are done.

She's positively starving, precious love. But—are there really? Children? Very sad !

Improvvidence, no doubt,—and drink, of course.

But still it's most distressing.

Oh, don't go.

It's only parish business, I suppose ?

To carry lukewarm soup to some old woman,

Or—is it that ? What nonsense. Let her wait.

Sit down again. Now, don't you like this brooch ?

Sweet, isn't it ? Oh, dear me, no, they're real.

Yes, diamonds. Let's see. I gave it her This time last year. I made them put the date

In pearls. My own design. I always think—

Don't you ?—that Christmas is the time we ought

To give to others of our very best.

Oh, but of course. Your Coal and Clothing Club ?

Delighted. Now this bangle, don't you think

It's rather nice ? A cat's-eye. No, quite cheap.

Oh, those. Her little indiarubber shoes.
Yes, for wet weather. She's so delicate,
Poor precious darling. That's her *saut-
de-lit* :

Real Mechlin, yes. And here, you see,
she's got

A weeny pocket for her handkerchief.

What's this? Oh, no; please wrap it up
again.

She mustn't see it yet. Her Christmas-
box;

A little sable coat. I've had it lined
With mink. It's—not so very. Thirty
pounds

I think it was. It's much too cold for her
To be in England now that winter's here.
She simply had to have it.

Must you go?

Well, if you really—ah, the Clothing Club!
I quite forgot. What did I give last
year?

Five shillings? Well, I'll—yes, I'll make
it ten,

And half-a-crown from *Fido*: twelve and
six.

No, please don't thank me. It's the
merest—what?

Put *Fido* in your sermon! But how sweet!
And what will be your text? "The
Children's Bread!"

That sounds quite charming, though, I
must confess,

I don't see what it has to do with dogs.

Oh, shall I? Yes, of course, I'll come.

Good-bye.

G. F. CAMPBELL

December 18, 1901.

To Rufus, a Spaniel

RUFUS, a bright New Year! A
savoury stew,
Bones, broth and biscuits, is
prepared for you.

See how it steams in your enamelled
dish,

Mixed in each part according to your
wish.

Hide in your straw the bones you cannot
crunch—

They'll come in handy for to-morrow's
lunch;

Abstract with care each tasty scrap of
meat,

Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself dis-
graced

Who ate a biscuit where he found it
placed);

Then nuzzle round and make your final
sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner
sleep.
High in our hall we've piled the fire with
logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of
dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands
is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-
haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle
flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's
day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no
bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.

Your stubborn nature never stooped to
learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their
biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their
seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering
feet ;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought
to be ;
Yelping outside when all your friends are
in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless
din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good
will ;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with
jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading
ears ;

See without sympathy your sore distress
When *Ray* obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and
glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a
chair.

They say your legs are bandy—so they
are :

Nature so formed them that they might go
far ;

They cannot brook your music ; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind and heart, and all my little
hound.

Well, let them rail. If, since your life
began,

Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours ; if of your faithful
heart

Malice and scorn could never claim a
part ;

If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive ;

If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your
 sympathy ;
If faith and friendship, growing with your
 age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love
 engage ;
If by that master's wish your life you
 rule—
If this be folly, *Rufus*, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you ; *Rufus*, have no
 fear :
While life is yours and mine your place is
 here.
And when the day shall come, as come it
 must,
When *Rufus* goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian
 shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the
 dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark ;

And on the shore he'll mark without a
frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and
brown.
He'll take you in: since watermen are
kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.
There shall you sniff his cargoes as they
come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still
be dumb—
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture ! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. LEHMANN

January 1, 1902.

Crumbs of Pity

KEEN is the morning, keen and
bright,
And all the lawn with frost
is white ;

In every bush, in every tree,
The birds sit watching warily.
Now out, now in, they hop and peer,
And cock their cunning heads to hear
The chirping of a childish voice :
They know it well, and they rejoice
When, resolutely stepping, comes,
To scatter here her gift of crumbs,
Her round face topped with shining
curls,
My little laughing girl of girls.
And, O ye soft and feathered things,
Redbreasts who flit on fearless wings,
Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,
Birds of the liquid, trustful eye ;

Ye sparrows chattering o'er your food,
Linnets, and all the pretty brood
Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,
And thrushes with your music stilled—
Since winter's icy breath makes mute
The swelling ripple of your flute ;
Ye, too, ye sable-suited rooks,
Timid for all your threatening looks,
Who in solemnity survey
Your twittering colleagues at their play,
Where on the poplar's top you swing,
And desperately claw and cling,
Then, when each bird has pecked its last,
And all the fluttering rout is past,
And all the chirpings duly dumb,
Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb ;—
All ye, whose hungry bills are fed
By Helen's daily doles of bread,
Be not afraid, be not afraid
To gather round my rosy maid.
Oh, give a kindly thought to her,
Your little friend and minister ;
And, as you watch her, pass the word—
"She's but a plump unfeathered bird."

So when the day is done, and night
Sets all the twinkling stars alight,
You'll breathe a bird-wish, as you sleep,
That One who guards the birds may keep
Cosy and safe from every ill,
From winds that bite and frosts that
 chill,
And through the night's long hours defend
The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go
Behind the wainscot to and fro,
And sometimes to your outlets creep
And half pop out and take a peep,
Alert, but ready to retreat,
Into a world where cheese smells sweet—
Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur
With whisking tails and ears astir,
We do not grudge you of our store :
A little less, a little more,
It matters not, so nibble on
In peace, then like a flash begone.
I cannot bear to bar the house
To here and there a tiny mouse.

And Helen, if she marks at all
Your scamperings from wall to wall,
Will smile to hear you frisk and run :—
“It’s mousies, Daddy, having fun.”
So, Helen, ere at eve you steep
Your busy baby-brain in sleep,
Your mother takes you on her knee
And whispers to you tenderly.
You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,
And, though you may not understand
Each word she says or all that’s meant,
You listen and you purr assent.
And it may chance that, on a day
Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,
And in a dream you’ll seem to hear
The words with all their meaning clear :
Ah, then you’ll recollect and know
What the dear voice said long ago :—
“My sweet, be sure no gentle thought
That from God’s love a ray has caught,
No tender childish pity spent
On creatures meek and innocent,
No mercy for their lowly lot
Is ever wasted or forgot.

God, who gave children pity, heeds
Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds :
He sets them, gold and clustering gems,
On angels' brows as diadems,
And looks Himself in pity mild
On bird, and mouse, and little child."

R. C. LEHMANN

January 29, 1902.

Pipe

O WORD, expressive of so much !
You indicate the cheery robin
Who finds the ivied porch is
such
A pleasant shelter to hob-nob
in !

You bring us water at a rated cost,
And when it freezes you're a perfect
frost.

You take a moderate draught of wine,
Two hogsheads are your legal measure ;
Within the Scotchman's grip you pine
And wail, or so it seems, displeasure ;
You set the jocund step for reeling gillies
As when young STREPHON played to
AMARYLLIS.

My wife abhors you, yet admits
Your presence in the house she graces,

And takes, by desultory fits,
 To cleaning out your dirty places ;
But then she's bound to me for worse or
 better,
And knows I loved you long before I met
 her.

G. C. POLLOCK

February 12, 1902.

On Saturday Morning Early

ON Saturday next at half-past
eight—
I mustn't be half a second
late—

I'm going out at the garden gate

When the dew is glittery-pearly.

I'm going, I'm going, I don't know where,

But I think I shall find some others there,

On Saturday next if the sun shines fair,

On Saturday morning early.

Perhaps it's the home of the big tom-
tit,

Or the land where the little blue fairies
flit,

For Daddy he said I should visit it,

And go for a treat alone, too,

In a marvellous carriage with golden
springs,
And six white horses with twelve white
wings,
And a coachman all over curls and things,
And a footman all of my own, too.

Or perhaps I shall go to the doll-country,
Where the dollies are all as big as me,
And all have raspberry jam for tea,
With huge thick slices of *some* cake :
It might be sponge, or it might be bright
With cherries, and iced as smooth and
white
As the pond when the feathery snow falls
light,
Or it might be, possibly, plum-cake.

What fun it'll be to see Boy Blue,
And Jack and the stalk that grew and
grew,
And Puss in Boots and his Marquis too,
And giants and giantesses ;

And wonderful gleaming golden towns,
And Kings with sceptres and swords and
crowns,
And Queens with fur on their satin gowns,
And beautiful young Princesses !

And if I should see Red Riding Hood
And her grandmamma in the dark old
wood,

I shall run away, as a good girl should,
For fear that a wolf might meet
her.

But grandmamma will perhaps explain
If teeth, when they bite you, give you
pain,

And how she ever got out again
When the wolf had managed to eat
her.

And, oh, I shall find where the roses
go,

And the golden crocuses all aglow,
And where the little white daisies grow
When they vanish away together ;

And the place where the pretty blue-bells
 stay,
And the pinks and the tulips bright and
 gay,
When they go away and "Good-bye," they
 say,
 "Good-bye for the winter weather."

I must take my funny dog *Buff*, the Skye,
With his little short legs and his ears
 cocked high,
And his long rough hair, and his hidden eye,
 And his face like a great grey pansy.
Doll JANE I shall leave on the nursery floor,
For she doesn't go travelling any more :—
Since her head got squeezed in the bed-
 room door
 There's not very much she can see.

So I'm ready, I'm ready ! I've packed some
 socks,
A bonnet, a bib, and two holland frocks,
And a pair of shoes in a brand-new box ;
 And I've given my Mummy warning.

I shall take a mug and a fork and spoon,
And the musical box that plays one tune,
And I'll hurry away—but I'll come back
soon—

On Saturday next in the morning.

R. C. LEHMANN

March 19, 1902.

The Rag-doll

THE Rag-doll here and the Rag-doll there! take care of the Rag-doll, do!

She's a dollopy, dumpy, dowdy doll with a grin on her face for two.
She's a dollopy doll with two stuffed legs
—but she's only got one stuffed arm—

But, oh! take care of the Rag-doll, do, and see that she takes no harm.

Her face is as flat as a girdle-cake, the tint of her cheeks is pink;
Her eyes have a fixed and glassy stare that would make a policeman blink.
Her nose is a blob and her teeth are paint, and I'm sorry I can't say more
For the looks of the doll who takes her ease all day on the nursery floor.

But you can't judge dolls by their looks,
you know: this doll has a wondrous
way

Of being a Fairy Prince by night, while
she's only a doll by day:

A Fairy Prince with his tossing curls and
a smile that is bright and bold,

And a trusty sword and a waving plume
on a helmet of shining gold.

And forth on his milk-white steed he rides,
a gay and a gallant sight—

He was only a feminine doll by day; he's
a regular Prince by night.

He fights and he curvets all night long at
the head of his troop of men,

And, lo, at the break of dawn he's back, a
dowdy old doll again.

On the following night it is presto, change!
and, lo, she is off to steer

On a ship of her own to the Southern Seas,
for now she's a buccaneer.

There hasn't been seen a Pirate King that
ever had half his scars,
Or caverns so full of round doubloons and
jewels and golden bars.

And nobody chops and lops like him, or
sneers with such curling lips
At the shivering, shrinking, cringing crews,
and the captains of merchant ships.
And he laughs, ha! ha! when the storm
winds blow, and he never gives way
to fear,
This scar-seamed King of the Caribbees
who is only a Rag-doll here.

A Beauty asleep, a Gnome, a Queen, a
Knight of the Golden Spur—
Old Raggy she takes them all in turns:
they're one and the same to her.
She has mounted in haste her chanfroned
horse, and her sword she has girded
on,
And has thundered away on a new Crusade
to the towers of Ascalon.

She has thundered away with the Christian
host a Saracen town to win,
But, oh, when the night is half-way through
she's fighting as SALADIN.
She's a wonderful changeable doll, in short,
as ever a mortal knew ;
So I say, take care of the old Rag-doll,
take care of the Rag-doll, do !

R. C. LEHMANN

May 14, 1902.

Fairies on the Lawn

A Child's Recollection

ONE night I peeped through the
window just after I went to
bed ;
I ought to have been in my
cot, I know, my pillow beneath my head ;
But somebody seemed to whisper "Come !"
and so I made up my mind,
Climbed out and tiptoed across the floor,
and lifted the old red blind.

It wasn't as dark as some nights are, for
up in the purple sky
The round moon showed me her battered
face : it didn't seem very high.
And all the trees that I know so well
looked funny and far and white ;
And all of them murmured, "Hush ! hush !
hush ! we can't make a noise to-night."

I wasn't afraid, not *quite* afraid, but I
wasn't as bold as brass,
When I looked and I saw a shining sight
out there on the silver grass.
And oh, I think I shall never see such a
beautiful sight again,
As the wonderful shining sight I saw
when I looked through the window
pane.

In the place of the garden arbour with its
walls and its seats of wood,
And its thatched roof covered with creepers
a marvellous palace stood :
I seemed to have known it always (though
it couldn't be ages old),
With its pillars of rainbow crystal and its
towers of polished gold.

Then a voice said, "Look at the Fairies!"
and out in a troop they came ;
I had seen them by dozens in picture-
books, and these were the very same.

The same, only much, much better, for
these were alive, alive ;
And the sound of their little voices was the
buzz of a big bee-hive.

For oh, they shouted and tumbled and
frisked and fluttered and played :
A jolly delightful romp they had, and
nobody seemed afraid ;
And I, who had held my breath so, just
didn't I want to go
And join in the games they played at out
there on the lawn below !

I have seen my Mamma wear jewels, and
these were like jewels bright,
Like opals alive and leaping all over the
grass at night—
When clear from the golden palace came
sounding a trumpet's call,
And they fell into lines like a regiment and
stood at attention all.

And wasn't there lovely music, the music
that makes you cry,
The music Mamma sings softly—she calls
it a lullaby.
And riding a mouse-sized charger, the
tiniest ever seen,
Out pranced to her faithful Fairies the
beautiful Fairy Queen.

To think I should see her really—to think
I should see her there,
As I peeped through the bedroom window,
perched up on a bedroom chair!
I was only a little girl, you know, and I
think it was very kind
To let me look at the Fairy Queen when I
lifted the old red blind.

But just as I said, "I'll ask her up to come
to my room and play ;
And won't we have romps at night-time,
and won't we have fun by day !"

A black cloud covered the moon's face, and
I—I was back in bed
(But I never knew how I got there) with
my pillow beneath my head.

R. C. LEHMANN

June 18, 1902.

My Neighbour

NEXT door the summer roses
bloom
And breathe their hearts out
day by day
To please a gentle gardener whom
'Twere happiness to thus obey :
For her each rose a fragrance gives
That roses grudge to common labour,
And there, next door, among them lives
My neighbour.

I watch her in her garden fair,
And think what joy my life would bless
Could she and I but wander there,
A shepherd and a shepherdess,
As blithe as those of ancient myth
That danced and sang to pipe and tabor :
Who would not thus be happy with
My neighbour ?

Blue eyes, and hair of sunny brown,
A form of such exceeding grace,
And features in whose smile and frown
Such tender beauty I can trace
That here to sketch her free from flaw
Defies the pencil of a FABER,
And yet I yearn so much to draw
My neighbour !

I'm keeping one commandment—an
Epitome of all the ten—
So if I, when my life began,
Was born in sin like other men,
To innocence that shames the dove,
I've mellowed since I was a babe, or
How could I so devoutly love
My neighbour ?

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK

July 16, 1902.

A Ditty of Champagne

THIS is the fellow for strut and
swagger :—

With his tilted sword and his
rakish dagger,

And his breast as gay as a herald's tabard,
And his cloak caught up on the long
sword's scabbard,

And the fine hose fashioned for summer
weather,

And the cap aflame with its red cock's
feather,

And the doublet slashed into purple gashes,
And a fluttering hint of his gold-edged
sashes,

And the long red shoes with their pointed
toes,

Out and about and back he goes ;

Swaggers, his hair all crisp and curled,

And the ends of his saucy moustaches
twirled,

Free to the edge of the happy world.
And hark to the echoes rolling, rolling
To the song that the beggar's voice is
trolling :—

“ All good fellows of each degree,
Hurry and join my company !
Show me your souls and I'll give them wings,
Crown them, sceptre them, make them
Kings.

Roistering, flashing, and all zig-zagging,
Off we go with our tongues a-wagging ;
And each of our band, when he meets
another,
Salutes him straight as his heart's own
brother.

Take but a look, and, your minds on fire,
Each of you owns his dear desire ;
Laughs for it, hugs it, always sought it,
But never found it and never bought it,
Until, with a smile that pierced right
through him,
And a wave of my hand, I gave it to him.”
Then swift he summons to meet your need
A curvetting flame-eyed chestnut steed :

And before you have time to think or
stammer,
The world flies by that his hoof-beats
hammer,
And you on his back, with your knees set
tight,
And your being a blaze of golden light,
Off and away with the steed's mad flight,
Reckless of all that the rush may bring,
Off you clatter and on you swing.
Back rolls memory's curtain, back,
And it's gold, pure gold, that was once
mere black.
Golden visions of golden hours
Spent in a garden of rich red flowers,
Where warm to your throbbing breast you
fold
A wonderful girl with a heart of gold.
This is the fellow for me, and I, Sir,
I wouldn't change him for King or Kaiser.
Wherever his swaggering steps go free
He may count me one of his company.

R. C. LEHMANN

August 6, 1902.

De Gustibus—

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I
can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it *from below*?

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again ?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide ;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarped and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care !

ST JOHN HANKIN

August 27, 1902.

Sunshine the Temptress

THE bee is on the heather and
the sun is on the Ben—
Ho, there! Bookworm, shut
your musty tome!

Come, ramble by the river that is leaping
down the glen,
Come, climb the purple upland where
the wild deer roam.

I will show a thousand beauties which
you'll never, never see
In your fusty, dusty volumes if you'll only
follow me:

You shall see the waters falling,
O'er the sandy shallows brawling,
Dashing, splashing,
Gaily flashing
Over rock and under tree.

And I'll show you, lying cool
In his deep and inky pool,
All secure, the wise old salmon
Whom the angler cannot gammon.
There he lies serenely sleeping
While above him flashes bright
The frolic troutlet leaping
In the light.

Come and scramble through the heather
where the hill-tops touch the sky,
Come and scale the peaks of granite
where the eagles soar on high.
See the white-tailed rabbits near
you—
How they scuttle when they hear
you!
Hurry-scurry
In their flurry
Swift as lightning off they fly.
And I'll also show you where,
With his antlers high in air,
Unapproachable of men
Stands the monarch of the glen.

At his sweet will he shall ramble
Over leagues of upland lawns,
While around him gaily gambol
Fairy fawns.

G. K. MENZIES

September 17, 1902.

A Sore Point

IT was perfectly clear I was out of the
running,
My mortification I could not dis-
guise,
They paced in the shadow, the company
shunning,
Soul leaping to soul, through their
eloquent eyes.
Devotion of years had I lavished in vain,
But the luck took a turn—when he trod on
her train.

There sounded a rip, as if stitches were
slitting,
The lady herself was brought up with a
jerk ;
He smiled his excuses, facetiously fitting
The little mishap with a humorous
quirk.

Poor innocent fool!—I emerged from my
gloom,
For I read in her look his immutable doom.

Her peach-blossom face wore a look so
malignant,
His dexterous epigram faltered and
failed,
Her eye scattered lightnings forbidding,
indignant,
His ardour was quenched and his counte-
nance paled,
While she riddled his length with a fire of
disdain,
From his head to his foot (on her gossamer
train).

So—she took me instead—and our days
pass serenely ;
I look out for breakers and mind where
I steer ;
She sweeps o'er the carpet majestic and
queenly,
I follow—a yard and a half in the rear ;

My duties are heavy, but perfectly
plain :

To work for her, love her, and keep off her
train.

JESSIE POPE

January 14, 1903.

Hamlet's Soliloquy

(*New Style*)

[HENRY HAMLET writes to the *Daily Mail* :—"For the last three years I have taken but two meals a day, 12 noon and 6 P.M. Result : clear brain, active body, in short, physical regeneration."]

LONG years ago in Denmark I
Was sick and sad and peaked
and pined,
At length I know the reason
why

I suffered this distress of mind.
I cried, "To be or not to be?"—
Because my daily meals were three !

Methought I saw my father's ghost
Stalking the battlements by night,
Even the sentry at his post
Declared he saw the self-same sight,
The reason will be clear to you—
Our meals were three instead of two.

Poor Uncle CLAUDIUS ! I believed
That you my honoured sire had slain,
But now I know I was deceived,
And wish you were alive again.
The thirst for vengeance that one feels
Arises from too many meals.

OPHELIA perished in despair
When my digestion would not mend ;
My dietetic errors were
The cause of poor POLONIUS' end.
I ran that harmless dotard through
Because my meals were more than two !

How happy, therefore, they who fix
Their minds on hygienic laws !
Two meals a day—at twelve and six—
Of every virtue are the cause.
This regimen, begun in time,
Will save you from a life of crime !

ST JOHN HANKIN

January 21, 1903.

A Valiant Valentine

THE governess sat in a school-
room chair,
Reading a school - room
book ;
Her brow was lined with studious care,
She wore a classical look ;
And she frowned at a sound she had heard
before—
Someone fidgeting at the door.

“Come in!” she exclaimed, in tones
severe.

“Don’t fidget there outside.
Now, dear me, JAMES, what brings *you*
here ?

Your shoe-lace is untied.
Head up! Feet first position, pray.
Hands down! Now, what have you to
say?”

The baby eyes were blue and sweet
He lifted to her face.
First, he attended to his feet,
And put his hands in place,
Then said, with stiff and rigid spine,
“Please, will you be my Valentine?”

Small JIMMIE conquered in a fray
Where a stalwart man would flee.
The governess pushed her book away,
And took him on her knee.
The end of the affair was this—
A wistful sigh, a tender kiss.

JESSIE POPE

February 11, 1903.

Damon and Pythias

A Romance

SINCE Earth was first created,
Since Time began to fly,
No friends were e'er so mated,
So firm as JONES and I.
Since primal Man was fashioned
To people ice and stones,
No pair, I ween, had ever been
Such chums as I and JONES.

In fair and foulest weather,
Beginning when but boys,
We faced our woes together,
We shared each other's joys.
Together, sad or merry,
We acted hand in glove,
Until—'twas careless, very—
I chanced to fall in love.

The lady's points to touch on,
Her name was JULIA WHITE,
Her lineage high, her scutcheon
Untarnished ; manners, bright ;
Complexion, soft and creamy ;
Her hair, of golden hue ;
Her eyes, in aspect, dreamy,
In colour, greyish blue.

For her I sighed, I panted ;
I saw her in my dreams ;
I vowed, protested, ranted ;
I sent her chocolate creams.
Until methought one morning
I seemed to hear a voice,
A still, small voice of warning :
“ Does JONES approve your choice ? ”

To JONES of my affection
I spoke that very night.
If he had no objection,
I said I'd wed Miss WHITE.
I asked him for his blessing,
But, turning rather blue,

He said : " It's most distressing,
But *I* adore her, too."

"Then, JONES," I answered, sobbing,
" My wooing's at an end.

I couldn't think of robbing
My best, my only friend.

The notion makes me furious—
I'd much prefer to die."

"Perhaps you'll think it curious,"
Said JONES, "but so should I."

Nor he nor I would falter
In our resolve one jot.

I bade him seek the altar,
He vowed that he would not.

"She's yours, old fellow. Make her
As happy as you can."

"Not so," said I, "you take her—
You are the lucky man."

At length—the situation
Had lasted now a year—

I had an inspiration,
Which seemed to make things clear.

"Supposing," I suggested,
 "We ask Miss WHITE to choose?
I should be interested
 To hear her private views.

"Perhaps she has a preference—
 I own it sounds absurd—
But I submit, with deference,
 That she might well be heard.
In clear, commercial diction
 The case in point we'll state,
Disclose the cause of friction,
 And leave the rest to Fate."

We did, and on the morrow
 The postman brought us news.
Miss WHITE expressed her sorrow
 At having to refuse.
Of all her many reasons
 This seemed to me the pith :
Six months before (or rather more)
 She'd married Mr SMITH.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

April 22, 1903.

An Unappreciated Genius

"The nightingales are in full song. They can be heard to perfection now east, west, north, or south of London, wherever soft caterpillars abound. . . ."—*Westminster Gazette*.

A Soft Caterpillar speaks :—

ONCE more the nightingale is
heard
Each evening when the moon
is rising,
But don't imagine that the bird
Is merely sentimentalising ;
Do not suppose it is the Rose
Who fills her liquid strains with passion,
'Tis *I* who cause the nightingale
To sing in that ecstatic fashion.

The poet loves to hear her song,
Now soft and hushed, now clear and
ringing,

Nor can I deem the poet wrong
In thinking highly of her singing.
But when he takes a pen and makes
A very moving poem on it,
It is to *me* the poet writes
(Or ought to write) his glowing sonnet.

I watch him pouring out his soul,
The rhymes are carefully selected,
And the performance on the whole
Is quite as good as I expected.
But when with tears some maiden hears
The poet's melancholy numbers,
It is for *me* the maiden weeps
(Or ought to weep) before she slumbers.

I—or my half-digested corse—
Called forth the fair BIANCA'S¹ curses,
And I was the authentic source
Of KEATS'S misdirected verses
The poets tell how Philomel
Still weeps for the decease of Itys,
But if the poor bird weeps at all
It must be *me* she really pities!

¹ See "Bianca among the Nightingales," by Mrs BROWNING.

To me belongs the loud applause
That greets her voice from all the Muses,
For I am the efficient cause
Of every blessed note she uses.
And had the poets dreamed of this,
SHELLEY and HUGO, SCOTT and SCHILLER
Would have reserved their eulogies
For the nutritious caterpillar !

ST JOHN HANKIN

May 20, 1903.

The Pursuit of Beauty

I SAW an aged, aged man
One morning near the Row,
Who sat, dejected and forlorn,
Till it was time to go.
It made me quite depressed and bad
To see a man so wholly sad—
I went and told him so.

I asked him why he sat and stared
At all the passers-by,
And why on ladies young and fair
He turned his watery eye.
He looked at me without a word,
And then—it really was absurd—
The man began to cry.

But when his rugged sobs were stayed—
It made my heart rejoice—
He said that of the young and fair
He sought to make a choice.

He was an artist, it appeared—
I might have guessed it by his beard,
Or by his gurgling voice.

His aim in life was to procure
A model, fit to paint
As "Beauty on a Pedestal,"
Or "Figure of a Saint."
But every woman seemed to be
As crooked as a willow tree—
His metaphors were quaint.

"And have you not observed," he asked,
"That all the girls you meet
Have either 'Hockey elbows' or
Ungainly 'Cycling feet' ?
Their backs are bent, their faces red,
From 'Cricket stoop,' or 'Football head.'
He spoke to me with heat.

"But have you never found," I said,
Some girl without a fault ?
Are all the women in the world
Misshapen, lame, or halt ?"

He gazed at me with eyes aglow,
And though the tears had ceased to flow,
His beard was fringed with salt.

“There was a day, I mind it well,
A lady passed me by
In whose physique my searching glance
No blemish could descry.
I followed her at headlong pace,
But when I saw her face to face,
She had the ‘Billiard eye!’”

GORDON MEGGY

August 19, 1903.

To My Airship

[The Poet is being piloted on his aërial flight by a prosaic mechanician. It is to the latter that the interpolations are due]

THOU elfin Puck, thou child of
master mind !
(Look out ! the ballast's slipping
off behind.)

Thou swanlike Siren of the blue
sublime !

(Screw up that nut, and never mind the
rhyme.)

Thine 'tis to fathom Æther's highest pole !
(This wind will fairly get us in a hole.)

Thine to explore the azure-vaulted dome !
(I wonder how the deuce we're going
home.)

Up, up, thou speedest, flaunting, flaunting
high,
Thy glist'ring frame emblazon'd 'gainst
the sky ;

And myriad-minded fancies still pursue
Thy gliding—(Blow! the anchor's fouled
the screw!)

Thou stormy petrel, kissing heaven's
height,
(Petrol! The rotten stuff declines to light)
Onward thou soarest o'er the City's dust,
Shimmering, triumphant. (Gad! The
motor's bust!)

R. V. N. HOPKINS

September 30, 1903.

Lost Masterpieces

Mr Punch's own Collection

We set before our readers an interesting "find," namely, a notable fragment of TENNYSON. No student of "In Memoriam" will fail to notice its truly Tennysonian character. Indeed, some critics have declared that they can fix upon the actual point in the poem from which this passage somehow dropt out. But as the stanzas of "In Memoriam" seem generally to follow one another more or less at random this appears doubtful :

THE Spring is here ; the daffodils
Peep thro' the grass beside
the roads,
The shooting bracken in-
commodes
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Once more the thrush with feverish zest
Recalls the worm of other days ;
Once more the wandering cuckoo lays
Her egg in someone else's nest.

And, gazing o'er the fruitful plain,
My bosom half forgets its woe;
Till something—what, I do not know—
Makes me begin to weep again.

When pondering much of “how” and “why”
And lost in philosophic lore,
The thought that two and two are four
Consoles me in my agony.

The sun sinks ever in the West
And ever rises in the East,
I feel that this is sure at least,
And cannot doubt but it is best.

Yet if the sun should change his mind,
Or take his course some other way,
Till no astronomer could say
Where he would turn up next, resigned

To any change that I might see—
Or seeming change—in Nature's laws,
I should be sure it had a cause,
And that would be enough for me !

September 30, 1903.

Among the most prized fragments in *Mr Punch's* possession are examples of the work of Mr SWINBURNE. Some people, looking at the amount that Mr SWINBURNE has published, will be inclined to question whether anything he has written can ever have been *lost*. But this is an error. Great poets are invariably fastidious, and delete far more than they print. From this it follows that the amount that Mr SWINBURNE has crossed out during his life must be simply prodigious. Everyone, for example, who admires Mr SWINBURNE'S work (and who does not?) must regret that the following verses were cancelled when the first series of *Poems and Ballads* was going through the Press:—

In the uttermost regions of ocean,
Out of sight of all seasons and lands,
Where the stars and the sea-winds have
motion,
My desire and the soul of me stands.
As a flame that relumes ere it dwindles,
With the dawn and the darkness made
one,
So the fire of its passion rekindles
Before it is done.

Is there noise of its wings as they flutter?
Hath the sea taken heed of their flight?
Shall the infinite silences utter
What the day hath not uttered to
night?

By the sands of the seas of old ages,
On the shore of the measureless years,
Where the storm-wind of centuries rages
And nobody hears !

November 11, 1903.

Lovers of the poems of WILLIAM MORRIS will rejoice to hear that *Mr Punch's* collection of "Lost Masterpieces" includes one really choice fragment of his work which has hitherto never appeared in print.

So from the castle gate, wherethrough
The autumn mist full coldly blew,
They 'gan to ride and no word said.
She mused, "'Twere better I were dead
Than thus my lord should frown on me."
"Gramercy, sweet my lord," quoth she,
"Meseems our steeds go prickingly."
No word Sir ABLAMOUR replied,
But with a groan he left her side,
Spurring his horse as though in pain
The while. And silence fell again.

Whereat she let her wimple fall,
And fastened well her snood withal,

While down her poor wan cheek perdie
The big tears rolled incessantly,
And "Ah," she sighed, "and welladay,
Alack I know not what to say."

So they rode two across the plain,
Nor ever stayed nor yet drew rein
Till, travel-stained and cross, God wot,
They clattered into Camelot.

Another interesting specimen in *Mr Punch's* collection is from the pen of MATTHEW ARNOLD, one of those mild and meditative poems, unfettered by the tiresome exigencies of rhyme, which must have been so agreeable to write. It is called :—

ON MARGATE SANDS

STILL is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide
Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene.
And I, too, brood. I pace
Here on the sands and muse

On the probable meaning of Life,
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed,
What are you? What am I?
After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.
And the souls of us as they strive
To answer questions like these
Stand perplexed and in doubt
And lose the outlook serene,
The grand detachment, the calm,
Which they should strive to attain.

November 25, 1903.

No collection of "Lost Masterpieces" can be considered really representative which does not include any specimens of the work of BURNS. *Mr Punch's* collection is fortunately very rich in these. Here is one which has been greatly admired :—

Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear,
Clouts an' gear, clouts an' gear,
Oh whaur be a' the clouts an' gear
That JAMIE used to hae?

Ye winna see them ony mair,
Ony mair, ony mair,
Ye winna see them ony mair,
For JAMIE lad hath poppit them !

ST JOHN HANKIN

December 16, 1903.

The Finest View

AWAY, away! The plains of
Ind
Have set their victim free ;
I give my sorrows to the
wind,
My sun-hat to the sea ;
And, standing with a chosen few,
I watch a dying glow,
The passing of the Finest View
That all the world can show.

It would not fire an artist's eye,
This View whereof I sing ;
Poets, no doubt, would pass it by
As quite a common thing ;
The tourist, with belittling sniff,
Would find no beauties there—
He couldn't if he would, and if
He could he wouldn't care.

Only for him that turns the back
On dark and evil days
It throws a glory down his track
That sets his heart ablaze ;
A charm to make the wounded whole,
Which wearied eyes may draw
Luxuriously through the soul,
Like cocktails through a straw.

I have seen strong men moved to
tears
When gazing o'er the deep,
Hard men, whom I have known for years,
Nor dreamt that they could weep ;
Even myself, though stern and cold
Beyond the common line,
Cannot, for very joy, withhold
The tribute of my brine.

Farewell, farewell, thou best of Views !
I leave thee to thy pain,
And, while I have the power to choose,
We shall not meet again ;

But, 'mid the scenes of joy and mirth,
My fancies oft will turn
Back to the Finest Sight on Earth,
The Bombay Lights—*astern*!

JOHN KENDALL

October 21, 1903.

Elegy on a Polar Bear

[*Samuel* was a Polar Bear, who died of pleurisy in the Zoological Gardens]

O *listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Samuel.
Let the kind tear be freely shed ;
Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is
dead.*

He came, a youngling from the rigid
North,
Untimely rapt from his protesting dam,
To earn a people's love, and bear thence-
forth
The ludicrous but honoured name of
Sam.
Twice seven years a quiet life he led ;
Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

White was his ample fleece, and black his
eye,

And oh, his sense of humour ! 'Twas his
game

To filch umbrellas from the passers-by,

And, growling dreadfully, devour the same,
While the despoiled breathed curses on
his head ;

Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

He was not made for climate such as this ;
Our English summer pierced him to the
bone ;

“ Give me,” he sighed, with bitter emphasis,

“ The genial horrors of my native zone !
This is the very ——” Thus and thus he
said ;

Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

Alas ! We knew not that he inly wanned,
We could not look beneath that snowy
pell ;

Only we saw him frolic in his pond,

Only we thought : “ How blithe is *Samuel* ! ”

No minatory cough awoke our dread ;
Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

Had we but dreamed that he was scanty
drest,

And that the deuce was going on within,
He should have worn a muffler for his
chest,

Flannel and shammy leather next his
skin ;

He should have had hot bottles in his bed ;
Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

For pleurisy has knocked him out of time.

His lungs were delicate ; the wear and
tear

Of long exposure to our frequent clime

Has been too many for a Polar Bear ;

And Death came sweeping up with sudden
tread ;

Weep, you that loved him, weep, for he is dead.

JOHN KENDALL

November 18, 1903.

The New Game

[The papers announce that the Thibetans were to be seen "firing jingals from a jong into our camp." Since reading this the writer has lost all interest in other and simpler matters]

TIME was I cared for cricket,
golf,
Bridge, billiards, and ping-
pong ;

Cutting a ball to the ropes for four,
Doubling a spade to the sixth or more

When things were going wrong ;
But now I spend my evenings off
In jingal-firing—from a jong.

Of old I had my hopes of bliss
The coming years would bring :
Lunching at large with a peer or two,
Filling a page in the last "Who's who"—
You know the kind of thing ;
But now my only joy is this—
To fire a jungal from a jong.

Though editors despise my pen,
And saxpences go bang,
Creditors seize my only chair,
Prison authorities cut my hair,
I do not mind a hang :
So long as, every now and then,
I fire a jungle from a jang.

And, when upon my life you see
The final curtain rung,
With reverent head and on bended knee
This be the verse you grave for me :
“ Here lies unwept, unsung,
All that is left of JONES—N.B.
He fired a jangal from a jung.”

A. A. MILNE

May 18, 1904.

Æsthetic Morals

[*Vide* an article in *Harper's Magazine* on
"Æsthetics of the Sky."]

IT is all very well for a poet to tell
Of the lessons that lurk in the skies,
And to bid you cry halt and regard
the blue vault

With a pair of poetical eyes :
In the country one may with propriety stray,
With one's gaze fixed intent on a cloud,
And watch its shape change—but it's apt
to seem strange
If one does the same thing in a crowd.

I am told it's correct, would you catch the
effect

Of a sky as it ought to be caught,
To be bent till your feet and your head
nearly meet,
And to gaze through your legs lost in
thought.

In a green Surrey lane or on Salisbury
Plain

There is no one to laugh at your fad ;
But to play such a prank at St Paul's or
the Bank

Would undoubtedly stamp you as mad.

Common people would think you were
given to drink,

And the cabbies would scarce understand
That the thought in your heart was devo-
tion to art

If they saw you stuck fast in the Strand ;
The busmen would laugh and deride you
with chaff,

And, instead of respecting your soul,
They would catch you a whack in the
small of your back

With the end of the omnibus pole.

G. K. MENZIES

June 22, 1904.

Frames of Mind

[“ I declare that the above statement contains a full, just and true account and return of the *whole of my income from every source whatsoever* for the year ending the 5th day of April, 1905.”—*Extract from Income Tax Return form*]

O MR SURVEYOR of Taxes,
A terrible task you impose !
I claim some abatement : you
ask for a statement
Of details which nobody knows.
My revenue wanes and it waxes
Along with my varying mood ;
It's mainly a question, I think, of digestion,
And largely depends upon food.
Then how fill up the form ?
My income how foretell ?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear ?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well ?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell ?

When late at the Carlton I tarry,
Where riches and luxury reign,
When I sup *con amore* and trail clouds of
glory
Inspired by the best of champagne,
I am then a great playwright—a BARRIE—
Three plays at a time on the boards—
The royalties pour in and put more and
more in
My purse till it's fat as a lord's.

When Economy raises her finger
And bids me reluctantly go
To dine for a florin in haunts that are
foreign
And doubtful in dingy Soho,
Fair visions no longer will linger,
The future begins to look black ;
I see myself earning with toil and heart-
burning
The wage of a newspaper hack.

When, growing more prudent than ever,
On messes of pottage I sup,

Or dine somewhat sparsely on cutlets of
parsley,
And drink Adam's ale from my cup ;
When I struggle with frugal endeavour
By "diet" to keep down the bill,
When I feel filled-and-emptied, I'm very
much tempted
To send in my income as *nil*.
Then how fill up the form ?
My income how foretell ?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear ?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well ?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell ?

G. K. MENZIES

June 22, 1904.

A Ballad of Edinboro' Toon

THE lusty Sun did glower
 aboon,
 Wi' welcome in his cheerfu'
 rays ;
I walked in Edinboro' Toon,
 A' in ma caller claes.

For I had donned ma coat o' cheiks
 That cost me guineas twa an' three,
But and ma pair o' ditto breeks
 That luiked sae pleasantlie.

On ilka breek were creasies twa ;
 And they did hang sae fine, sae fine,
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
 Were nane sae fair as mine

An' first I honoured Geordie Street,
An' syne I walked the Prince's ane,
To gie to ilka lass a treat
An' a' the laddies pain.

An' mony a laddie's hert was sair ;
An' mony a lassie's een, ay, mony,
Uplicht wi' joy to see a pair
Sae canny an' sae bonny.

I hadna walked an hour at maist,
I hadna honoured half the Toon,
The air grew drumlie lik' a ghaist,
An' syne the rain cam' doon.

An' first the dust it gently laid,
An' syne it cam' in cats an' doggies,
That loosed the cobble-stanes, and played
Auld Hornie wi' ma toggies.

O waly for ma coat o' cheiks
That cost me guineas twa and three !
An' waly for ma ditto breeks
Sae bag-fu' at the knee !

The creasies twa are past reca'
That gar'd them hang sae fine, sae fine
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
Are nane sae puir as mine !

O fause, inhospitable Toon,
I rede thee, gin I come again,
Ma claes sall be o' Reich-ma-doon,
An' deil tak' your rain !

JOHN KENDALL

July 27, 1904.

The Force

(From the Provinces)

YOU see him strolling down the
street in staid official blue,
Now pausing for a friendly
chat, now studying the view,
Now deep in nothing? Yes, it is the
Constable, of course,
Or call him by the name he loves, *videlicet*,
The Force.
He represents the majesty of Law, the
State, the Throne;
Our lives, our peace, our property depend
on him alone,
Our guardian angel—Ah, but stay! he
scorns not honest ale,
And o'er a glass of foaming Bass himself
shall tell the tale.

“Ou ay, Sir, things are quiet the noo—no
what they used tae be :
The fishers and the caddies whiles they
fetch and drink a wee,
But 'twasna them that troubled us—the
Majors war the rub,
An' a' thae goufin' gentlemen that hang
about the Club.
Eh, Sirs, 'twas waesome ! Ilka nicht there
wad be acht or ten
A' wantin' hame but cudna get, they war
sae fou, ye ken ;
An' whiles I've seen the Force at work the
best pairt o' the nicht
In pickin' up the gentlemen an' sortin'
them a' richt.
Noo, aince there was a banquet comin' aff,
an' weel I kent
What sic an enterteenment tae thae thirsty
Majors meant,
Sae I wrote for reinforcements, an' they
sent withoot delay
A man wha'd been in bisness in the heavy
porter way.

Weel, when the nicht was wearin' on, awa'
we gaily went,
Each wheelin' doun a barrow that the
stationmaster lent.
Eh! what a sicht, Sirs! what a sicht!
Sure never mortal een
In a' this warl' o' sinners ever gazed on
such a scene.
There war Majors on the table, there war
Majors on the floor,
An' Majors in the passages an' mair ahent
the door.
We took them up atween us jist as tenderly
as eggs,
I grippin' them ahent the airms an' WULLIE
by the legs;
We laid them on the barrows an' I labelled
them a' roun',
An' staired aff the laddie tae deliver roun'
the toun.
Jist hoo the muddle cam' aboot I really
cudna say,
For I was gey an' fou mysel', an' sae was
WULLIE tae;

But onyways they a' got mixed an' jumbled
up thegither,
An' when he left the bodies wrang, guid-
sakes, Sir, what a swither !
Aweel, he'd wrought an oor or mair, an' noo
was weet wi' sweat,
But no a blessed Major had he got delivered
yet,
When—mebbe 'twas the change o' air, an'
mebbe 'twas the cauld,
Or mebbe 'twas the whusky that he'd
stowed intil his hald,
But whisht ! he thought the scene was
changed : aince mair he seemed tae be
Wi' a barrow fu' o' jute bales in the docks
about Dundee.
He stared hard at the Majors—then he
stared at them again ;
The mair he stared, the mair the thocht
took haud upon his brain,
Until he had convinced himsel' beyond a
shade o' doot,
An' he staired for the harbour wi's
imaginary jute.

'Twas there I foun' him hard at wark at
half-past twa or three,
A-pitchin' o' thae Majors wully-nully in the
sea.
My word, Sir, 'twas a lesson they'll no
readily forget,
An' some o' them's rheumatic wi' the con-
sequences yet.
An' gin they gie me trouble noo, as whiles
they will of course,
They quieten doun as sune's I hint at
doublin' o' the Force."

G. K. MENZIES

August 24, 1904.

The March of Progress

WHEN man in dim and desul-
tory way
Passed slowly from the
Stone-Age to the Copper,
There were who thought that culture was
decay,
And progress most improper.

When he aspired to modify his fate
There were resisting souls among the
Cave-men,
Who deemed improvements were degener-
ate
Devices to enslave men.

They grieved that implements of jagged
flake
Should be replaced by metal bolts and
spear-heads ;

They mourned when men used copper celts
to break
Each other's queer heads.

And there arose a sanctimonious groan,
Long letters in the Neolithic papers,
When some aspired to scratch themselves
with bone
Instead of wooden scrapers.

When folk began to eat each other less,
And culture craved a more impersonal
diet,
These timid souls could only feel dis-
tress
And qualms of sore disquiet.

When fire became a culinary aid,
All lovers of the raw set up a railing ;
And when man clothed himself, the naked
made
A most indignant wailing.

And still, when we attempt the things we
should,
The cravens croak and vilify the brave
men,
And every step towards a higher good
Is hampered by the Cave-men.

A. L. SALMON

November 30, 1904.

The Poets at Bridge

THE DECLARATION. BY ALFRED
TENNYSON

AT ROBERT BROWNING'S, on a
winter's night,
The dinner done, the women
past away,

We others sat around the fire and played,
Four of our circle, and the game was
Bridge.

Then WALTER WHITMAN, that almighty
man,

He who by stroke of fate had won the deal,
Looked at his cards, and found his hand
was weak.

So in all faith he left it, murmuring "Yours,
Brave *camarado*," and the make was mine.
Then mused I for a little space apart :
"My partner trusteth, leaving it to me,
And trumps may be declared in many ways :

Diamonds or hearts if one is over-bold,
And spades if there is nothing else to go,
And clubs"—but here I took the cards
again,
And fell to counting up the kings and
queens—
Guarded in all but hearts, yet not an ace.
Then I all wrapt in this, "Get on," cried
he,
And still again "Get on"; till all at once,
Grasping my courage firmly in my hands,
"No trumps," I called; but BROWNING on
my left,
"Double no trumps." And WORDSWORTH
led a heart.

ONE HOUR TO MADNESS. BY WALT
WHITMAN

ONE hour to madness and wrath. O furious!
O confine me not!
O the king of diamonds, the but twice
guarded spade, the heart all unguarded
and alone!

O I am very sick and sorrowful! O the—
(All right, tanface, I'm just going to
play).

I see the two of clubs hiding in my partner's
hand.

Out of the dark confinement, out from
behind the queen!

(It is useless to protest; I see it there, and
I mean to have it.)

Camarado, I give you my hand. Come and
play the darned thing yourself.

THE PLAY. BY ROBERT BROWNING

You want to know about this game of
ours,

Shuffles and doubles, leads, deals, calls an'
th' like,

What card took what, who had the ace of
spades?

Well, this or something like it was the
way:

WALT leaves it. "None," says ALFRED
(*sans atout*).

I had the aces, "Double no trumps,"
says I.

WORDSWORTH brings out a heart, and
dummy's hand

Goes down on table. Look at it—look at
the heart !

The three, or is't the four ? Nay, what's
the odds—

Ace, king, knave, ten, nine, eight. I
planked 'em down,

Wondered a moment if the queen would
fall ;

WILL had it: why did the fool not play it
at first ?

Do thistles grow on bays ? You take the
point ?

(Put case WILL has the queen, with six
and five :

Leads five ; down comes the king ; where's
queen—who knows ?

Ace tries a second time—the six from
WILL.

Next round, WILL takes. Now is this
sense, I ask.

THE SCORE. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I counted up the points we won,
'Twas seventy-two in all;
A pleasant sight it was to see
My partner's aces fall.

"Honours?" I said, "dear brother Bob,
How many may we be?"
"A hundred aces," he returned,
And smiling looked at me.

"You say that you a hundred had?
Yet only four took tricks.
Whence came, dear Bob, I pray you tell,
The other ninety-six?"

"The ace of diamonds is red,
The ace of clubs is black,
And looking through the cards I find
Two others in the pack."

"I had," he said, "the ace of hearts,
The diamond, club and spade."
"But that," said I, "is four and not
A hundred, I'm afraid."

I took a dozen different packs,
And showed him all the faces ;
'Twas throwing words away, for still
Dear brother Bob would have his will,
"I had a hundred aces !"

A. A. MILNE

January 18, 1905.

Crumbs of Comfort

WHEN GLADYS comes a
whisper wakes,
A sudden thrill prevails,
She holds the eyes of men,
and takes

The wind out of our sails.
In spite of every art we use,
Their bosoms she transfixes,
And yet I'm glad to know her shoes
Are unromantic sixes.

The frocks that LEONORA wears
Are absolutely sweet,
She practises such Frenchy airs
It's hopeless to compete.
Her lace is fine, her silks are thick,
Her sables make one sicken ;
And yet, though LEONORA'S *chic*,
She's certainly no chicken.

DIANA has a sporting bent
And not a little side,
She's hot upon a screamin' scent
And knows the way to ride.
Her doggy tendencies would please
A print like Mr STRACHEY'S,
But, though she drops her final g's,
Her father drops his h's.

JESSIE POPE

May 10, 1905.

The Ballad of Tarro Myake

(After Tennyson's "Ballad of Oriana")

YOU challenged one and all to
fight,
TARRO MYAKE;
I took your challenge up one
night,

TARRO MYAKE;
They advertised it left and right,
Thousands appeared to see the sight,

TARRO MYAKE;
My prospects were considered bright,
TARRO MYAKE.

A model I of manly grace,
TARRO MYAKE;
Yours seemed a pretty hopeless case,
TARRO MYAKE.

Awhile we danced around the place,
Then closed and struggled for a space,

TARRO MYAKE,

And you were down upon your face,

TARRO MYAKE.

Oh, I would make you give me best,

TARRO MYAKE.

A thrill of pride inspired my breast,

TARRO MYAKE.

Then you were sitting on my chest,

Your knee into my gullet pressed,

TARRO MYAKE ;

Was this the way to treat a guest,

TARRO MYAKE ?

You've got me by the neck, and oh,

TARRO MYAKE,

There is no rest for me below,

TARRO MYAKE.

You're right upon my wind, you know ;

I'm suffocating fast, and so,

TARRO MYAKE,

You've beaten me ; now let me go,
TARRO MYAKE.

O breaking neck that will not break !
TARRO MYAKE !

O yellow face so calm and sleek,
TARRO MYAKE !

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak ;
I seem to have waited here a week,
TARRO MYAKE.

What wantest thou ? What sign dost
seek,
TARRO MYAKE ?

What magic word your victim frees,
TARRO MYAKE ?

What puts the captive at his ease,
TARRO MYAKE ?

"*Touché*," "Enough," or "If you please,"
I keep on trying you with these,
TARRO MYAKE ;

Alas ! I have no Japanese,
TARRO MYAKE.

I am not feeling very well,

TARRO MYAKE.

(They should have stopped it when you fell,

TARRO MYAKE.)

Oh, how is it you cannot tell

I am not feeling very well,

TARRO MYAKE?

What is the Japanese for "H—!"

TARRO MYAKE?

The blood is rushing to my head,

TARRO MYAKE;

Think kindly of me when I'm dead,

TARRO MYAKE. . . .

What was it that your trainer said?

"Pat twice upon the ground instead!"

TARRO MYAKE!

There . . there . . now help me into bed,

TARRO MYAKE.

Somewhere beside the Southern sea,

TARRO MYAKE,

I walk, I dare not think of thee,

TARRO MYAKE.

All other necks I leave to thee,
My own's as stiff as stiff can be,
TARRO MYAKE ;
My collar's one by twenty-three,
TARRO MYAKE !

A. A. MILNE

June 7, 1905.

Our Village Eleven

EXCEPT at lunch, I cannot say
With truth that we are
stayers ;
Yet, though on village greens
we play,
We're far from common players.

The mason blocks with careful eye ;
We dub him "Old Stonewall."
The blacksmith hammers hard and high,
And the spreading chestnuts fall.

Sheer terror strikes our enemies
When comes the postman's knock,
Whereas his slow deliveries
Would suit the veriest crock.

The butcher prides himself on chops ;
His leg-cuts are a joke ;
But when he lambs the slow long-hops
There's beef behind his stroke.

The grocer seldom cracks his egg :
He cannot catch ; he butters.
The gardener mows each ball to leg,
And trundles daisy-cutters.

Our tailor's cut is world-renowned ;
The coachman's drives are rare ;
He'll either cart you from the ground
Or go home with a pair.

The village constable is stout,
Yet tries short runs to win :
They say he's run more people out
Than ever he ran in.

The curate (captain) every match
Bowls piffle doomed to slaughter,
But still is thought a splendid catch—
By the vicar's elderly daughter.

The watchmaker winds up the side,
But fails to time his pulls ;
By now he must be well supplied
With pairs of spectacles.

Our umpire's fair ; he says " Not Out,"
Or " Out," just as he thinks ;
And gives the benefit of the doubt
To all who stand him drinks.

No beatings (beatings are the rule)
Can make our pride diminish ;
Last week we downed the Blind Boys'
School
After a glorious finish !

W. L. DONALDSON

July 26, 1905.

From High Altitudes

A SIMPLE soul——
That lives among the
heather,
Where roll the mists for ever-
more,
What should it know of weather?

I met young PETER with his cow
Far from the haunts of men.
The early sun was on the knowe,
The mist was on the Ben.

“Good morning. What about,” said I,
“The weather, PETER GRAY?”
And PETER straightway made reply,
“A wee thing saft the day.”

Again I met, when noon was high,
Young PETER with his cow.

The sun had vanished from the sky,
The rain was falling now.

“Good day,” said I. “The rain is sore
Upon the new-cut hay.”
And PETER answered as before,
“A wee thing saft the day.”

At eve descended sheets of rain
That hid the nearest knowe,
And on the road I met again
Young PETER with his cow.

Still through the mist I seemed to hear
The voice of PETER GRAY
Falling familiar on my ear—
“A wee thing saft the day.”

At night a wilder deluge yet
Poured from the hill's black brow,
And in the flood again I met
Young PETER with his cow.

I pass, in sullen silence, by ;
But ere I was away
I heard a voice—it said, “Ou ay,
A wee thing saft the day.”

G. K. MENZIES

September 18, 1905.

To a Fur-Lined Coat

COME from the coy retreat where
Thou hast slumbered
In calm oblivion to the round-
ing Year ;

Come, for the moments of his life are
numbered ;

O grave and gracious, dignified (and
dear),

The days draw close, the time of frost
begins,

And, I have need of Thee, sore need, my
Coat of Skins.

How have I mourned the dawn of other
winters !

(A chilly thing am I, and frail to boot) ;
The rude North knocked my cockles
into splinters ;

The sharp East swept my heart-
strings like a lute :

How bilious was mine aspect in the
glass!
How pink mine eyes, my nose how violet,
alas!

And ever I grew hoarse, and ever more
hoarse;
And Sternutation tore me with its
throes;
Men leapt to hear me cough; the musing
war-horse
Has cried Ha! Ha! when I have
blown my nose;
And my teeth chattered, and my windy
bones
Audibly rattled, like a cab on cobble-stones,

And ah, 'twas bitter, when "for all my
feathers"
I "was a-cold," at every turn to meet
Men robed in skins, supreme against all
weathers,
Proud men, who walked as tho' they
owned the street;

And ever to the gods I made my prayer,
"Oh, for a Coat of Skins!"—and much
they seemed to care.

And then—ah then, methinks not even
Jove knows

Such joy as that which thrilled my
shivering form

When, starting with a full purse and a
mauve nose,

I made Thee mine, and came home
broke, but warm.

(And how I paid, and what a "musquash"
is,

I count as two of 'heaven's profoundest
mysteries).

Thenceforward, let the winds be ne'er
so numbing,

I cared not, finding Thee a sure
defence.

Thou wert so soft, so warm, and so
becoming,

I could not choose but do Thee
reverence ;

Nay, I grew conscious of a mellow spice
Of hauteur, which itself was cheap at any
price.

For Thou, despite mine inches, didst
invest me

With a new loftiness, of such brave sort,
That many an awe-struck cadger has
addressed me

As "Colonel," ha! So ample was
my port

That there was one sought alms—I heard
him cry,

"My lord"! "My lord"! he said; and
mighty pleased was I.

A fat, full time! Too soon the "blithe
new-comer,"

That silly cuckoo, robbed Thee of Thy
use.

Ah, Sweet, I could not stand Thee in the
summer!

I wore Thee while I had the least
excuse.

Think not, I laid Thee by of changing
taste :
'Twas that Thou wert so dear—too dear to
be replaced.

Now may we meet afresh. This morn
my lynx eye
Discerns a relish of the poignant North;
The passing nose looms redly. Come!
Methinks I
May, with a decent pretext, bear Thee
forth!
Come, let us take the air for some few
rods :—
Gods! Gods! He moults! He moults!
He has a moth! Gods! Gods!

JOHN KENDALL

November 22, 1905.

The Songfish

O H! have you heard the Song-
fish
In mellow, moonlit hours?
He's really quite the wrong fish
To chaff about his pow'rs.
He calls the moon "Astarte,"
And begs to intimate
That she's the only party
He doesn't scorn and hate.

And thus laments the Songfish,
Rocked in a sapphire sea :
"Would I were such a long fish
That I might reach to thee,
With music for our mansion
In a world of rhythmic time,
The waves in perfect scansion,
The ripples all in rhyme."

Oh ! have you seen the Songfish
In iridescent state ?
In scent and hue a strong fish
He pleases not the great.
He shocks the Peer and Bishop,
But, gaily, in the slums
His patrons, as they dish-up,
Exclaim, "O how he hums !"

Oh ! would you catch the Songfish,
Deep artifice employ ;
Never without a gong fish,
It acts as a decoy.
Down where the dogwatch dangles
Your beating will be heard,
As through those dusky tangles
He warbles like a bird.

Oh ! reverence the Songfish,
Consult his lightest whim,
From Harrow to Hong-Kong fish
For nothing else but him.

And if, through moral blindness,
He use an evil word,
(He'll well repay the kindness)
Pretend you have not heard.

ROBERT PALK

May 30, 1906.

Adieu to Argyll

L AND of the purple heather, where,
much to my content,
Three weeks of broken weather
I recently have spent,
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,
Accept this humble lyric penned by a
cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n
in times of peace,
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple
Saxon fleece ;
By dexterously dodging the holidaying host,
I found a modest lodging upon the western
coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the Curate's egg
recalls.
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of
gales and squalls ;

But when the misty blanket disperses, at
such times
I confidently rank it among the best of
climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do
people frown
When I devour my plateful of porridge
sitting down?
Your music is soul-shaking, with skirls and
yelps and snaps,
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes
and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who,
destitute of ruth,
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the
bitter truth—
That, till I mend my errors in grip and
stance and swing,
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose
their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and
shade

I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,
Whose charms throughout a broader ex-
panse are lately blown

Since breathed by HARRY LAUDER into the
gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of Nature on Scotia's
genial strand,

But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to
understand ;

Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise
promote,

While Grogport strikes a mellow but
dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the
eagle's nest,

Why do you wet your whistle with such
appalling zest ?

And why endure the orgies enacted year
by year

When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage
on each pier ?

(A partial explanation one may perchance
descrie
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi*;
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be
more terse,
If he were never sottish, would swamp the
universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial
flaws
When past and present glories combine to
plead your cause?
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of
old renown,
And ev'ry burn is singing how CHARLIE lost
his crown?

I've roamed and climbed and wondered
among the Western Isles,
And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty
foam-flecked miles;
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun
go down,
Unseated *atra cura*, forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning
o'er the deep,
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

CHARLES L. GRAVES

August 8, 1906.

A Police Trap:

Or, The Renewal of Youth

“**O** PEN her out !” my host had
said ;
And on the instant word
The mobile monster flew
ahead
Like a prodigious bird.

Her thirsty throttle, gaping free,
Drank up the way like wine ;
I almost felt that I must be
Upon the Chatham line.

From time to time she touched the earth
And pulverised its crust,
And I remarked, with impious mirth :
“ We too shall soon be dust ! ”

Far off the cyclist heard our hoot,
And fell into the ditch ;
We scattered man and fowl and brute,
Scarce seeing which was which.

Their curses followed, choked with grit,
While I, who paid no heed,
Composed a humorous song (or fytte)
Largely in praise of Speed.

A sudden whistle rent the air !
Instinctively she stopped,
For at the signal from his lair
A stealthy peeler popped.

As one whose joy comes doubly sweet
From triumph's long delay,
Slowly and trailing tedious feet
He moved upon his prey.

There sat we waiting, trapped and dumb,
And eyed that awful X
Like rabbits when the snarers come
To wring their little necks.

Two more arrived; their clothes were plain;
One from his hedge-row bower
Had timed us going like a train
At fifty miles an hour.

I looked the liar in the face.
Fearless of fine or quad,
"I should myself have put the pace,"
Said I, "at eighty odd!"

And then as in a general hush
They took the chauffeur's name,
Over my cheeks there stole the blush
Of pleasurable shame.

I saw my truant childhood's years
In memory's vision rise,
And lo! the happy happy tears
Coursed from my goggled eyes.

How long it seemed since I was whacked
For trespass! ah, how long
Since I was taken in the act
Of doing something wrong!

Copper, my thanks! Through you I know
Once more those fearful joys
Which the Olympian gods bestow
On lawless little boys!

OWEN SEAMAN

September 19, 1906.

Betsy

S HE'S as round and fat
As a well-turned pat
Of Dorset.
Her fun,

Like the sun,
Is bright
And light :
It's the sort of fire
That doesn't require
Any bellows to force it.

She's only three,
You see,
But she chaffs
And laughs,
And then in a tone
That's all her own
She sets you down
With an angry frown,
And a stamp of her slipper ;

And follows it up,
The pup,
With a peal so merry,
That you're quite put out
By the sudden shout
Of this tiny tripper,
This most important and very
Impertinent ripper.

She's a dancing,
Glancing,
A most entrancing
Bundle of life,
At strife
With reason,
And quick to seize on
Your slightest word
In a manner absurd,
To help herself,
The Elf,
And to show
You know
Little or nothing at all
Of anything great or small ;

A most outrageous, imperious,
Solemnly serious,
Anti-narcotic,
And highly despotic,
Whimsical chit,
With a turn for wit,
And a funny snub-nose,
And a great pink rose
In place
Of a face.

Oh she's the one
In the midst of her fun
To make or to pick names,
The queerest nick-names,
For you and the rest ;
To give herself airs
With the very best
As she walks downstairs
With an invalid doll wrapped up in a
shawl
And a Dandie bandy peppery dog,
With his tail stuck out and his ears agog,
Who never never obeys her call.

Who was it said
That word of dread,
Bed?

Hush the trumpet, muffle the drums!
Somebody comes, a nursemaid comes,
And off goes she—
She's only three,
You see.

In spite of her pleading, wheedling wiles,
In spite of her tricks and songs and smiles,
Shaking her touzled golden head,
She is seized, God bless her, and marched
to bed.

Shut eye ;
Lullaby.
One peep,
Go to sleep.

R. C. LEHMANN

November 28, 1906.

To a Flea

Creature, thy paw! We
eulogise
Not "for a change," nor yet at
random,
Thee, whom the lowest men despise,
Whom better people hold *nefandum*.
And, insect, thou shalt have excuse,
Reared as thou wast 'mid vile abuse,
If as we praise thee more and more
Thou blush (if that's thy way) as never
heretofore.

Think not we laud a thing unknown,
And (1) betray the human merit
Of scorning troubles not our own,
Or (2) determine *omne erit*
ignotum pro magnifico.
Thyself but half an hour ago

Hast bitten us and gone thy ways,
And that bold bite's the thing for which
we give thee praise.

Supposing, insect, by thy leave,
We made the very bold suggestion
That he, the reader, should conceive
Himself as thee, and put the question—
“What would he choose for lawful
game,
At what direct his sportsman's aim,
If (as above) he were a flea?”
He'd chase some smaller brute, a microbe
possibly.

Then having found a welcome prey
On wing or leg, by earth or water,
Something that he might safely slay,
And run himself no risk of slaughter,
Would he alone attack that thing?
Or would the brutal bully bring
(Not being content as thou to bite)
Some steel machine and kill the paltry
chit outright?

E'en should the dauntless fellow try
His hand on game not quite so humble,
Maybe a house-, or common fly ;
At most a bee, nor that a bumble,
Would he be modest? Not a bit.
He'd make a boastful book of it,
And do his best to end his days
A picture-postcard hero, centre of a craze.

Now for thyself. Conceive—but flea
Thou art in fact, so why conceive it?
Such thy idea of sport that we,
Merely a man, can scarce believe it!
Alone, unarmed, thou comest out,
Callous thou sett'st thyself about
To stalk, *sans* guns, rods, hounds, or
fuss,
Someone; a myriad times thy size, or
briefly Us.

Unarmed, forsooth? Why, barely dressed
Thou dost that risky operation.
Enough of words. Thou art confessed
The Greatest Sportsman in Creation.

Witness the truth of what we write,
That brave, that grand, that glorious
bite
(Forbear, my modest Sir, to blink)
Upon our person marked and thereon
coloured pink !

F. O. LANGLEY

April 8, 1907.

To the First Catch

In Immediate Prospect

COME not as, if I recollect aright,
You came last year, with
sudden-soaring flight
Rising, and falling from a
monstrous height,

Where I (that am not fond of fielding
deep
Thus early), struck all over of a heap,
Watched with pained eyes, and gauged
your downward sweep,

And raised beseeching hands to clutch you
round,
Whence you escaped, and with one mad
rebound
Insanely dashed yourself upon the ground.

Not from the bat's edge come, with that
weird swerve
By golfers called the slice, whose double
curve
Foil the keen eye, and shocks the high-
strung nerve ;

Nor in the slips approach me, with a
spin
That grinds you from the palm before you're
in ;
And oh, if straight I stand, or square, or
thin,

Whate'er my post, in whatsoever wise
You come, I trust I may at least de-
vise
Some plausible excuse, if need should
rise.

That either I may urge : " Good Such-an-
one,
Almost I had it, but I was undone
By the surpassing glory of the Sun " ;

Or haply, "See, how slippery lies the
grass!

How dark yon tree, wherein the ball did
pass

Clean from my ken! Good Captain," or
"Alas,

Good Bowler, blame me not; such
happening

Had foiled the most elect; our very King
(God bless him!) would have missed the
rotten thing."

And, if this ordeal must needs befall;
If there be no excuse, however small,
Likely to serve; why then, confound it all,

Come in no gentle shape; but come, and be
The Catch Impossible—too fierce to see,
Too far to reach—it makes no odds to me!

That I, with one wild leap upon the sward,
May stretch a hand (the left for choice) and
lord!

May find you sticking of your own accord

Warm in the palm ; and, after one hushed
sigh,
Rabble and connoisseur alike may cry,
“A Miracle ! A Miracle !”—while I

Lightly may toss you from me, with an air
Of one that holds so paltry an affair
Mere commonplace ; or, even if my pray'r

Lack fulness, if this glory be denied,
I yet may glean a melancholy pride
In the condoning tribute of, “Well tried !”

JOHN KENDALL

July 3, 1907.

The Narrowing Years

THERE is one bell whose
solemn toll,
Re-echoing from door to door,
Inspires regret that years should
roll,
And makes me pine to be once more
The hopeful little specimen
I was at ten.

'Tis not the mellow minster chime
That gives me that internal pain,
Nor golden memories of a time
When, pilgrim to some rural fane,
I suffered penance in a shirt
And boots that hurt.

'Tis not the cadence that recalls
Young England to her half-cooked sums ;
However deeply manhood palls,
I crave no more with chosen chums

To take the print of Culture warm
Across a form.

But when through wild deserted squares
(Oblivious of the local ban)
I hear submit his sheeted wares,
Shy trafficker! the muffin-man,
'Tis then I hunger to resume
My boyhood's bloom.

Behold the infant, when he eyes
Those humid and unwholesome spheres,
Dissolve in buttered ecstasies!
What knows he of the coming years
When wisdom's tooth would lightlier plunge
Into a sponge?

Alas that with a widening girth
Capacity should grow less free!
Where is the unaffected mirth
That used to hail a monstrous tea?
The crumpets of a balmier day,
Oh, where are they?

E. G. V. KNOX

December 11, 1907.

The Printer's Angel:

Or, The Perfect Type

SWEET ERMYNTRUDE JONES has two
beautiful eyes,
Their colour is azure, the same
as the skies.

Her eyes : ◡ ◡

Pure Grecian her nose is, and moulded
with grace ;
And *never* was nose more in keeping with
face.

Her nose : >

Her lips are so soft, and as rich as red
tulips ;
And the breath they emit has the scent
of mint-juleps.

Her lips : ~ ~ ~

Her teeth are as pearls and I take them
to be
Just as good as the best that come out of
the sea.

Her teeth : vvv

Like the bright burnished gold of Aurora
her hair is ;
And twiddles in curls like a fay's or a
fairy's.

Her hair : \$\$\$

Then her wee shelly ears—ah ! how grace-
ful each turning—
But hush ! or I set these appendages
burning.

Her ears : 0 0

Oh could I the wealth of the Indies com-
mand,
I'd forfeit it all for sweet ERMYNTRUDE'S
hand !

Her hand : 

And, were I sole monarch from Croydon to
Crete,
I'd lay down my sceptre at ERMYNTRUDE'S
feet.

Her feet : 

J. GEMMELL-KNIGHT

January 8, 1908.

What's in a Name ?

OF many superstitious mists
That rise to claim my close
attention,
I've noticed among novelists
What I may term the "Name-
convention."

E.g., ere I begin to track
The course of any writer's fancy,
I'm sure that we shall "all love *Jack*,"
Who, if a tar, must wed with *Nancy*.

Although untiringly you con
Romance, you'll never find a *Prue* pert,
Or come across a wicked *John*,
Or fail to love dare-evil *Rupert*.
What's in a name? It is not meet
To offer SHAKSPEARE contradiction,
But *Rose* would not be half so sweet
If she appeared as *Liz* in fiction !

Observe the author : notice well

How "cabin'd" (if not "cribbed"!) his
skill is ;

When all goes as a marriage-bell,

Some *Tom* or *Dick* may mate with *Phyllis* ;

But no such careless names will do

If Ma says "No" and sides with his Pa ;

'Tis *Mary* then and thoughtful *Hugh*

Who weep o'er rings engraven *Mizpah*.

And though the hero travels where

New England keeps her choicest Misses,

We still can breathe the Old World air

If 'tis a *Dorothy* he kisses !

And if at times the tale is thin,

Our author's trick (and what trick's
apter?)

Is just to drag a villain in

To give a *Philip* to the chapter.

"*May* is a pious fraud," while *Beth*

Is shy and somewhat prone to "falter" ;

Anna (in books) is "true till death" ;

Hal's as unstable quite as *Walter* ;

Kitty and *Madge* alike assume
A manner that is rather goey ;
Round *Janet* clings the faint perfume
Vaguely suggestive of old *Chloe*.

A *Barbara* who is not proud
Would simply flabbergast the critic ;
A fickle *Ruth* would strike a crowd
Of Constant Readers paralytic :
Yet for this pseudonymic law
I have an honest admiration,
For here, at least, no scribe can draw
Carte Blanche on his imagination !

HARTLEY CARRICK.

February 5, 1908.

The Way In

THIS is the story of RIVERS
BANKES,
Whose writings for long were
declined with thanks.

He wrote an epic of Huns and Franks
Which *The Pink'un* promptly declined with
thanks.

He wrote a ballad of childish pranks
Which *The Athenæum* declined with thanks.

His skit "On a fine Tale-bearing Manx"
Was declined by *The Daily Mail* with
thanks.

He took to pathos and tears in tanks,
But *The Tatler* declined his work with
thanks.

A dialogue full of suggestive blanks
The Guardian sadly declined with thanks.

A story of pirates walking planks
The Woman at Home declined with thanks.

A talk that he had with a ghost that clanks
The Spectator even declined with thanks.

A yarn that was spun in unending hanks
The Review of Reviews declined with thanks.

Some field-path rambles in Yorks. and
Lancs.
The Automotor declined with thanks.

A Life of the King who was called Long-
shanks
The Live Stock Journal declined with thanks.

Some talks with cabbies upon the ranks
Were declined by *The Connoisseur* with
thanks.

Indeed it appeared that the whole phalanx
Of the Press would decline his aid with
thanks.

But he now writes essays on new health
cranks,
Which no one ever declines with thanks.

DENIS TURNER

February 19, 1908.

Killed in the Open

PULL 'im an' worry im! *Poo-ll* 'im
an' worry 'im!
Wanderer, Wisdom an' Watch-
man an' all!—

Thowt 'e 'd a-beaten me over the
plough:

Lifted 'em onto 'im, clever knows
how:

I 'ad the run of 'im;

I 'ad the fun of 'im:

Lorst 'im an' coursed 'im an'—look
at 'im now!

Eighty-five minnits, an' well it may
be:

Biggest ole dog-fox what ever I
see!

Ah, the ole plunderer!

Ah, the ole blunderer!

Nobody up but the Master an' me!—

Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im !—Talli-'o !—Talli-'o !
Romulus, Rhymer, an' Ringwood an' all !

Pull 'im an' worry 'im ! *Poo-ll* 'im an' worry
'im !

Dancer an' Dexter an' Dryden an' all !—
Think of 'is lordship be'ind in the
drain :

Think of the tommy-tits ridin' the
lane :

We'll 'ave the laugh of 'em :

We'll 'ave the chaff of 'em :

Swankin' an' clankin' an'—not seen
again !

Fourteen-mile point, Sir, as near as
can be :

Pity the man that's gone 'ome to 'is
tea !

Ah, the ole wheezy ones !

Ah, the ole greasy ones !

Nobody up but the Master an' me !—

Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im !—Talli-'o !—Talli-'o !
Ganymede, Gamester an' Guardsman an'
all !

Pull 'im an' worry 'im ! Poo-ll 'im an' worry
'im !

Paladin, Pilot an' Pilgrim an' all !—

Think of 'em rowstin' 'im out by the
mill :

Think of 'em screamin' up over the
'ill :

They'd 'ave a seet of 'im :

They'd 'ave the meat of 'im :

Stoopin' an' swoopin' an'—look at
'em still !

Runnin' like smoke since a quarter
to three :

Gamiest gallopers ever I see !

Lor', 'ow they sung to it !

Lor', 'ow they clung to it !

Nobody up but the Master an' me !—

Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im !—Talli-'o—Talli-'o !

Rifleman, Roland an' Raglan an' all !

R. J. RICHARDSON

April 8, 1908.

The Old Blue-Pye

I'M a lean old, mean old sight in a
street
With a foolish, ghoulish glare at a
man,
And my kennel-mates look grand at a
meet,
With a bloom on the Belvoir tan ;
And they sneer who gape on my colour
and shape
And my veteran, villainous, bloodshot eye,
For the crowds that swarm round fashion
and form
Pass over the old blue-pye.
But the Huntsman knows what a hound
can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows
it, too :
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
And the blood of a fox my joy ;

So I clear my way thro' the thick of the
pack
To where he sits on the bay mare's back
With his "Poor old Vagabond—Vagabond
—Vagabond!
Poor old Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a hard old, scarred old, quarrelsome
brute,
I'm a peevish, thievish bundle of bone,
But I'll sing to a fox when the rest are
mute
On a line as cold as a stone.
Oh, the Belvoir blood is gallant and good
On a scent you could eat, when it hangs
breast high,
But the casting vote on a doubtful note
Is left to the old blue-pye.
And the Huntsman knows what a hound
can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows
it, too:
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
And the blood of a fox my joy;

So clear the way for the pick of the
pack,
When he waves us in from the bay mare's
back
With his "'Leu-'leu, Vagabond—Vagabond
—Vagabond!
'Leu-'leu, Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a slinking, blinking beast on a bench,
I'm a sulking, hulking bully at home,
But I'm king of the sport of kings as I
wrench
Thro' the woods where the red rogues
roam;
And my fine sleek mates must bury their
hates
And gather and gallop to get to the cry
When the brushwood rocks and the word
is, "*Fox*!—
On the faith of the old blue-pye."
For the Huntsman knows what a hound
can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows
it, too:

He knows my voice on a fox is true,
And the blood of a fox my joy ;
So cleave your way to the pick of the
pack,
When he wakes the woods from the bay
mare's back
With his "Huic, to Vagabond!—Huic, to
Vagabond!
Yoo-ick, Vagabond, boy!"

I'm a creepy, sleepy slug in the straw,
But endure as sure as fate on a line,
And a fox must make the most of his law
When the set of his mask is mine ;
And the riders troop to the shrill *who-hoop*
On staggering horses and steeds that
sigh
As the word goes round that the fox was
found
And killed by the old blue-pye.
For the Huntsman knows what a hound
can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows
it, too :

He knows my voice on a fox is true,
And the blood of a fox my joy,
As he fights his way to the thick of the
pack,
Where my jaws are crushing a wet red
back,
With his "Leave him, Vagabond!—Vaga-
bond!—Vagabond!—
Leave him, Vagabond, boy!"

R. J. RICHARDSON

April 15, 1908.

Innominata

DEAR, I watched you in your
stall
Shining like a little star,
With the fairest face of all,
O by far and very far ;
Watched you bend your head and pore
Over some absurd libretto—
Stuffy *Traviata* or
Stodgy *Rigoletto*.

Weary veterans well may mock,
Using language most profane,
When they see this hardy stock
Turning up and up again ;
But to one as fresh as you
(May it take you years to harden)
Everything is nice and new
In the good old Garden.

From my morning sheet I got
Hints of how the *diva* sang,
Notes on who was wearing what,
Just the old familiar gang—
Types that thrill the common breast
Having, so it seems, a smart air—
Not a word about the best
Flower of all the *parterre*.

Heaven be thanked ! And may your claims
Long elude that cheap success,
Long be missed among the names
Hackneyed in the halfpenny press ;
Let your sweetness bloom apart,
Free from other exploitation
Save its imprint on my heart
(Private circulation).

OWEN SEAMAN

June 10, 1908.

A Wanderer in Wales

CROSSING o'er the English
Borders
By my worthy doctor's orders,
Well equipped with home-spun

raiment,
Gold, to make immediate payment—
Fully armed likewise with divers
Weapons—fishing rods and drivers,
Niblick, putter, cleek and baffy ;
Thus I went to call on Taffy.

Disappointments not a few
Lent my trip a sombre hue.
For I never saw CORELLI
At Llandudno or Pwllheli ;
Did not see SHAW take a header
In the sight of all Llanbedr ;

Did not run against MACKINNON
WOOD, M.P., by Llyn or Ffynnon ;
Did not meet with DONALD TOVEY
On the links of Aberdovey ;
Failed to recognise Count HAYNAU
In the environs of Blaenau ;
Or encounter Baron WRANGEL
In the streets of Llanfihangel ;
Did not pluck the wild persimmon
On the summit of Plynlimmon ;
Did not hear the voice of "MABON"
On the platform of Ruabon :
Never saw, worst blow of all,
RAVEN-HILL at Raven Fall.

Subject to these reservations
Wales, throughout my divagations,
Answered all my expectations.
Ordered specially to "slack it,"
And avoid all needless racket,
Soon I found that Cambria's railways
Were the very best of snailways.
Further, that this land of quiet
Harmonised with varied diet.

Thus I sampled fair Portmadoc's
Admirable shrimps and haddocks,
And appeased a mighty twist with
Mutton pies at Aberystwith ;
Lunched off lamb and peas and lettuce
At the hostelry of Bettws ;
Mingled ham and eggs and shandy-
Gaff beside the Mill of Pandy ;
And partook of beer and trifle
On the cairn that crowns Yr Eifl.

For the rest my Welsh impressions
Justified my prepossessions.
Though the tripper's ways at Bar-
mouth
Much reminded me of Yarmouth,
Vocalists I heard at Bala
Worthy of Milan's La Scala.
Though the Merioneth "Terrier"
Should be more to make us merrier,
Still the walls of Harlech stand
Frowning over mead and strand ;
Still the ancient songs that stirred
Heroes to the fight are heard ;

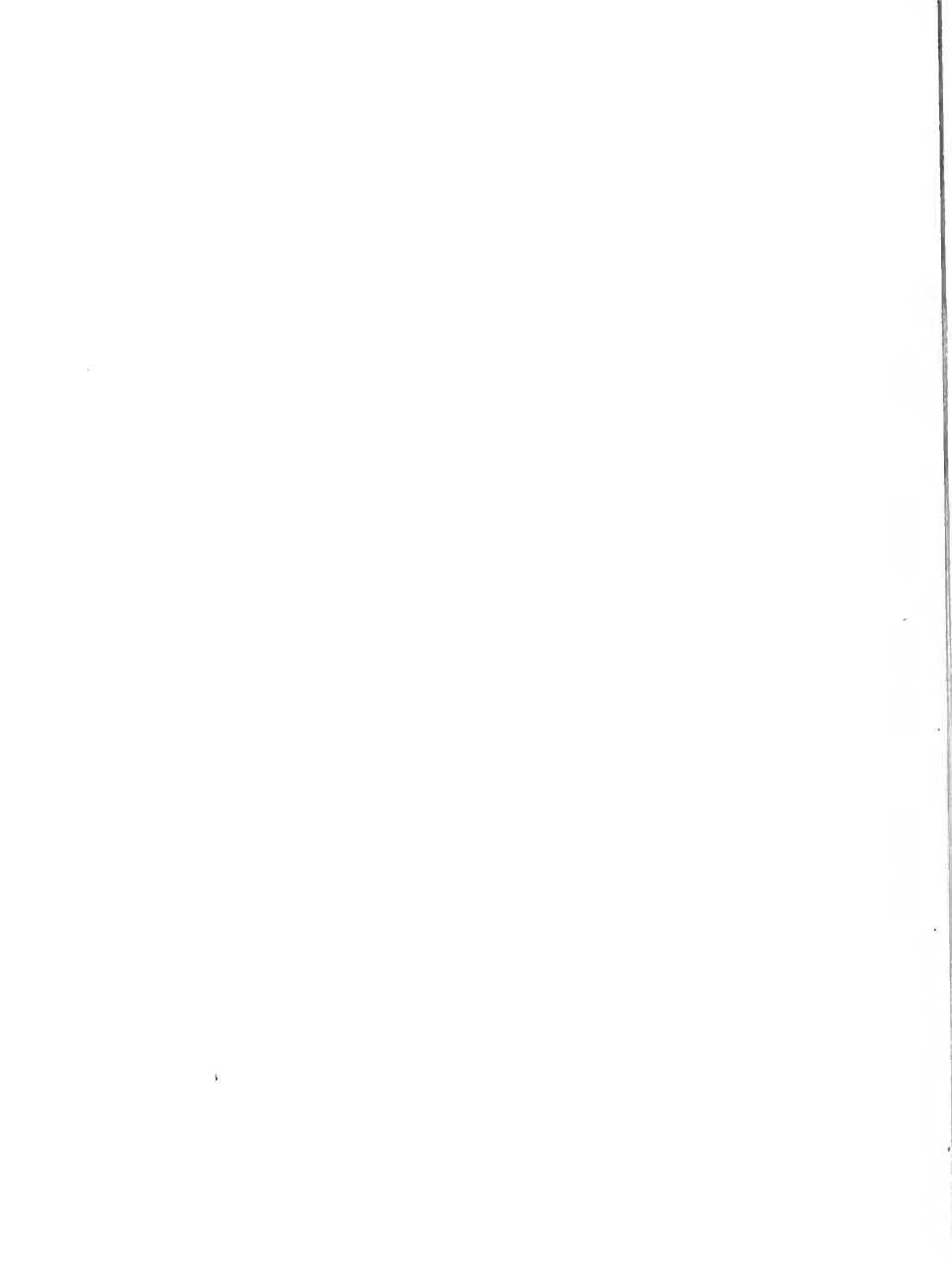
Still the old enchantment clings
To the ruined halls of kings ;
Still amid her hills and vales
Throbs the unconquered heart of Wales.

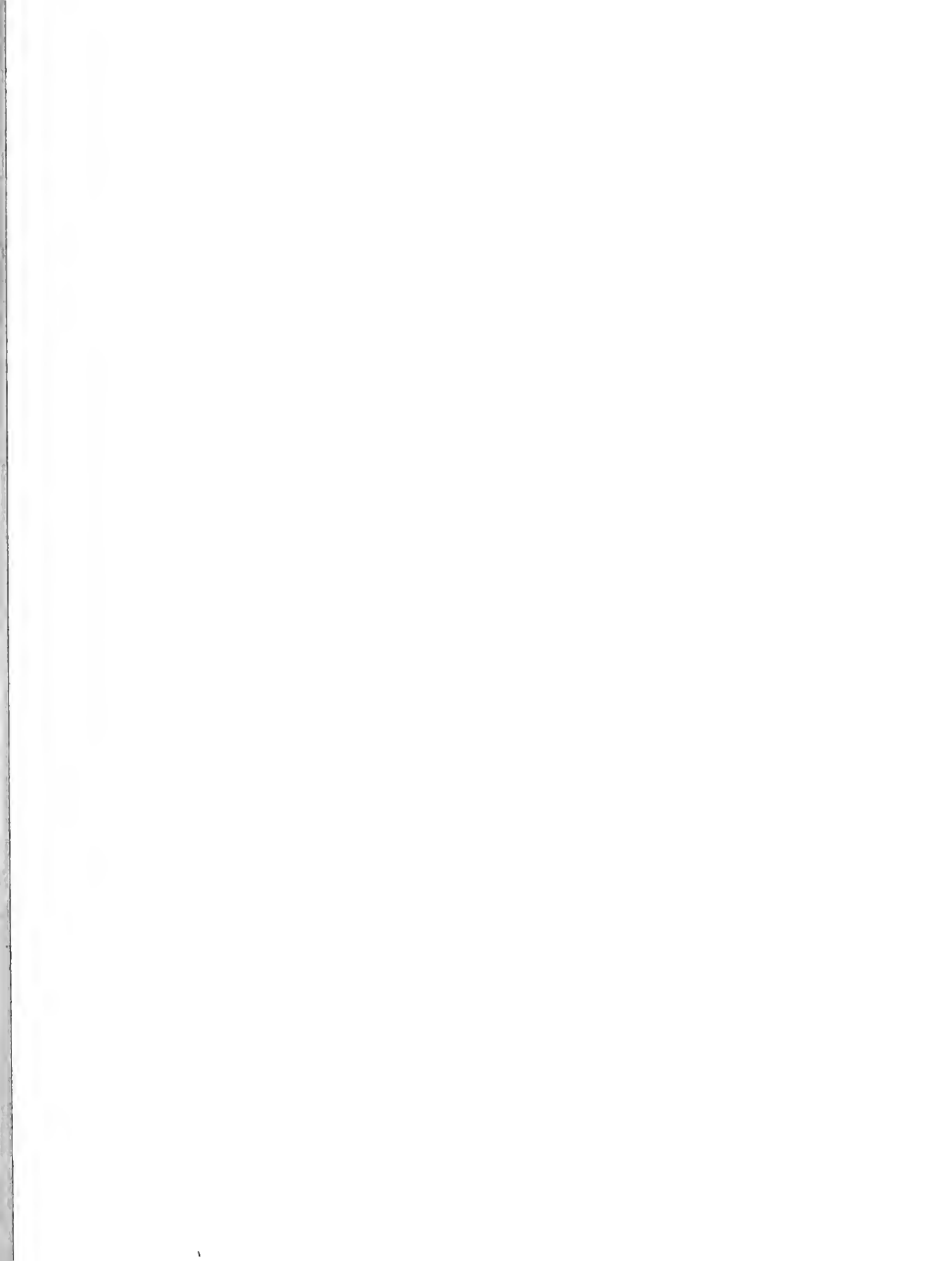
CHARLES L. GRAVES

August 5, 1908.

Index of Authors

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Adcock, A. St John, 101.</p> <p>Campbell, G. F., 68.</p> <p>Carrick, Hartley, 215.</p> <p>Donaldson, W. L., 175.</p> <p>Gemmell-Knight, J., 212.</p> <p>Grain, Corney, 1.</p> <p>Graves, Charles L., 189, 231.</p> <p>Hankin, St John, 106, 115, 123, 131.</p> <p>Hopkins, R. V. N., 129.</p> <p>Kendall, John, 138, 141, 151, 181, 206.</p> <p>Knox, E. G. V., 210.</p> <p>Langley, F. O., 202.</p> <p>Lehmann, R. C., 74, 80, 87, 92, 96, 103, 198.</p> | <p>Maas, W. H., 62.</p> <p>Meggy, Gordon, 126.</p> <p>Menzies, G. K., 64, 109, 146, 148, 154, 178.</p> <p>Milliken, E. J., 11, 14, 18, 21.</p> <p>Milne, A. A., 144, 162, 170.</p> <p>Palk, Robert, 186.</p> <p>Pollock, G. C., 85.</p> <p>Pope, Jessie, 112, 117, 168.</p> <p>Richardson, R. J., 221, 224.</p> <p>Salmon, A. L., 159.</p> <p>Seaman, Owen, 31, 41, 46, 48, 55, 194, 229.</p> <p>St Leger, W., 4, 38.</p> <p>Stephens, H. P., 52.</p> <p>Sykes, A. A., 59.</p> <p>Turner, Denis, 218.</p> <p>Wodehouse, P. G., 119.</p> |
|--|---|









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